HOSTESS DIARY

JAN 1942- DEC. 1942

Scanned April 2008

300 dpi

Original in Box 195

Tuesday, December 30, 1941 (continued)

She spoke slowly, distinctly, oblivious to her audience - and the words used, the way they were put together was indeed remarkable. We will never forget her - Diana Harding. Her address is 32 Princess Road, West Newton, Mass.

Wednesday, December 31, 1941 Cloudy

The telephone rang many times today - and the usual inquiry: "Are you doing anything special out there New Years Eve?" No nothing special. The Inn was here as it has been for over two hundred years. We were prepared to serve dinner to any guests who might come. Many came, many who were content and happy to spend this last evening of 1941 in a quiet old New England atmosphere.

Thursday, January 1, 1942 Pleasant

New Years Day

We must add another year to the age of the Inn. It is now 266 years old.

A bridal couple, Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Francis are occupying the Lafayette room tonight. They telephoned in advance asking special permission. The telegram explained the situation this way..."for sentimental reasons and pleasing surprise to New Years bride who is a descendant of founder of Red Horse Tavern". The Francis are from Bethlehem, Pa; he associated with the Bethlehem Steel Co.

An overnight guest of last night was Captain S. Tagan - a fine looking man of about 40 years. He spoke English well, but with a foreign accent. Talking with him during the day revealed the fact that he is connected with the Free French Army in Africa. He came over on a Clipper plane in four days time and is purchasing supplies in this country. Having a holiday today, Captain Tagan inquired about a typical New England Country tavern and was directed here. He became absorbed in the history of the Inn, sat in the Parlor and read the "Tales". Later on he showed us pictures of his house in Africa and of several transport ships loaded with French troops.

Friday, January 2, 1942 Pleasant

The holidays are over. To some the Christmas season is a difficult one. It brings memories of Christmas days when the whole family joined together for merry making. Now the family is broken, father and mother have gone - boys and girls are separated. The season is a

(continued next page)

Friday, January 2, 1942 (continued)

lonely time. We hope that the Inn has given in some small way, a bit of cheer and comfort to those guests who have shared this Christmas with us. We feel sure that it has done so in the case of the Dieffenbachs. They are lonely women. Miss Joan remarked more than once during her stay: "When I get discouraged with my work or if I am very tired - I think of the Wayside Inn."

We will long remember a dinner party held in our old dining room during this past week. We do not know the name of the party; we did not speak to them - yet we felt that the dinner was a memorable occasion for the participants and not one of a happy nature. Four people sat at a table before the open fire and as we passed through the room we hardly glanced in their direction. No words were spoken, yet in some strange way we were drawn to that particular table. Passing hurriedly, we saw a beautiful woman, young but with white hair - her head bowed slightly as she sipped hot soup. She sat opposite a tall, straight handsome young man. Her son. The woman's eyes were filled with tears.

Saturday, January 3, 1942 Pleasant

Among our guests who come occasionally and who have been coming here for over a period of years are Mrs. Rice and her daughter. Today they came and stood in front of the open fire waiting for luncheon. "You know, I told my daughter this morning that I wanted to go out to eat where I would find some refinement! She suggested Wayside and here we are! I always think of this as such a refined place" said Mrs. Rice.

A gentleman handed us his card this afternoon and we learned that we had entertained Mr. Theodore F. Gloisten of the American Home Magazine Corporation. Mr. Gloisten has been taking a "summer" vacation trip by train - "just to find out how it can be done" he said. Next summer many people will want to vacation by train - so I am making this a kind of test tour and will publish the information in our American Home Magazine.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, January 4, 1942 Snow

Year after year writers of the Diary have tried to describe the Inn during a snow storm. It is always a picture of perfect Winter loveliness - a scene so similar to that described by Whittier in his "Snow Bound" that any other attempt to tell of a New England storm seems inadequate. We experienced our first storm of the season today. We will not begin to describe it. Snow was on the ground when we awoke and still falling. For most of the day we felt hibernated; we hovered near the fire-places - while out-of-doors soft snow clung to tree tops, roofs and window sills. Not many people ventured out. A few came for dinner and Sunday night supper.

Monday, January 5, 1942 Cloudy, cold

An attractive youngster of five years was a luncheon guest today. He announced to one of the hostesses: "I'm an Englishman. Here for the War."

A group of Club women from Worcester held a luncheon meeting here today. They numbered 39 - and stayed 'till late afternoon, discussing their various problems around the luncheon tables.

Tuesday, January 6, 1942 Cloudy

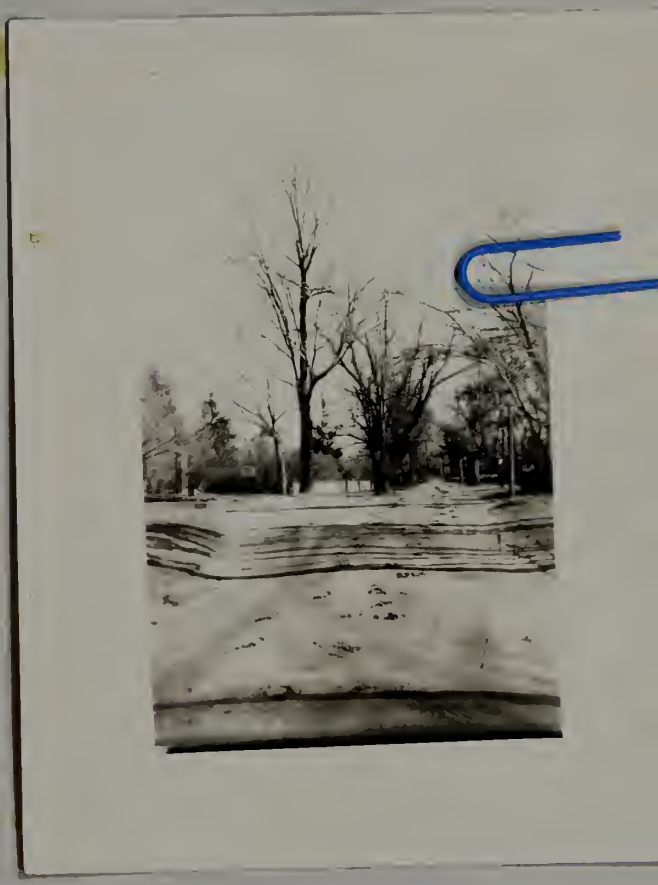
Among guests at a dinner party held in the Old Kitchen this evening, was Mr. Zoltan Haraszti. We have been wanting to meet Mr. Haraszti for some time. He is the Keeper of Rare Books and Editor of Publications at the Boston Public Library. After dinner Mr. Haraszti presented the Inn library with an autographed copy of his book: "Letters of T. W. Parsons." This is a rather large, thin book containing letters of our "Poet" in the Tales of a Wayside Inn. Mr. Parsons was a friend of Longfellow's and it was partly through Parson's fondness for the Inn that Longfellow made this particular place the setting for his stories. Parsons came here innumerable times; spent Christmas day here and told Longfellow much about the poetic atmosphere he found at the old Red Horse Tavern. Parsons, himself, was a poet - and wrote two poems about the Inn. It was natural that Longfellow, in gathering a group of characters together, to recite his Tales, should include his friend Thomas W. Parsons among them. To get back to Mr. Haraszti. It was natural for us this evening to be especially interested in the man who has made a study of our "poet" - and published his letters. We found a charming person; a man greatly appreciative of the Inn particularly its literary association. And we are pleased indeed to have an inscribed copy of his work.

(continued next page)

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Wednesday, January 7, 1942

CHRISTMAS AT THE INN 1941



Wednesday, January 7, 1942 (continued)

Wednesday, January 7, 1942 (continued)

Thursday, January 8, 1942 Very cold

And now we are experiencing some very cold weather. Twelve degrees below zero in Sudbury this morning. For the first time since last Winter we hauled out overshoes, mittens and mufflers. The school children appeared in their heaviest winter togs. More than one Inn-mate was seen with bright cheeks and a red nose. The stamping of feet as the guests entered and other gestures indicative of snow and cold made us realize that Old Man Winter is actually here.

Friday, January 9, 1942 Cold

A delightful tea guest this afternoon was a fine looking young man now stationed at the Watertown Arsenal. He gave us a great deal of pleasure by reciting passages from the "Tales of a Wayside Inn". Then he would ask: "Do you remember the story about - ?" It was a great test. He remembered Baron Castine of St. Castine and Torquemada - some of the more unfamiliar Tales. "I've always wanted to come here", he said. Evidently the gentleman was brought up in some other part of the country and this is his first visit - if you would call it such - to New England. He is making it a point to visit historical sites. Hardly ever have we entertained a young person so thoroughly familiar with Longfellow's work.

Saturday, January 10, 1942 Very cold

Many cards were received at Christmas time from Wayside Inn friends scattered all over the United States. Some of the names signed are unfamiliar. For instance we have a card from Mrs. S. W. Cake, St. Johns Newfoundland - who added this note to identify herself: "Visitor in September." Several came from our school boys now in the Army and stationed in California. Other cards were from Bus drivers and conductors. Dr. McCollester of the Fraters group remembers us every year. A Miss Caroline Alexander sent us a very beautiful card sold for the benefit of the British War Relief Society.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, January 11, 1942 Cloudy

The event which we wish to record today can hardly be called a ceremony. It was informal in every respect. There were no speeches made; no flags were raised to honor the occasion. Nevertheless it was an affair of some historical importance. It marked a change. A new heating system has been installed. Today it was used for the first time. The fire was laid. A lighted match was placed in the hand of little Ralph J. Sennott, Jr. The heat rose through galvanized iron ducts to the grills which are located inconspicuously in the wall of each room. Thus this new service was inaugurated by our manager's son. The new heaters are not like the old furnace type but are like fireplaces - built into the chimney and located in the basement.

Monday, January 12, 1942 Cold

There is a lull at this time of year. Roads are icy, snow is on the ground, temperatures are low. Guests do not come in great numbers as in the Summer. The hostesses have other tasks to pursue. For instance, Miss Fisher is working on a kind of scrap book which is to be a permanent record of Weddings held in the Martha-Mary Chapel. The signatures of every bride and groom and pictures of each wedding will be found therein. And by the way, the deMille-Hoppin wedding was the sixth wedding to take place in our Chapel. Miss Fielding is checking the list of Inn furnishings. Every article has been card indexed, measurements and description given. When it is ascertained that the article is in its proper place, a note is made on the card which represents said article. Pewter plates, iron kettles, tables, chairs, rugs every single item in the house is recorded. Miss Staples finds plenty to do working among the historical records. All through the year she accumulates newspaper clippings, pictures, magazine articles, pamphlets, books, old maps etc. which are filed away either in the library or in large file boxes. These are arranged so that they may be accessible for reference. They constitute an historical record of Inn activities in the past and in the present. These records are supplemented with the writing of the daily Diary - a copy of which is also kept in these files.

Tuesday, January 13, 1942 Cold

We haven't said much about the Colbys. They are new Wayside Inn devotees. They came here on their honeymoon during the past Summer. She is a daughter of the late Mr. Vesper George - founder and owner of an Art school in Boston. Mr. Colby is tall, dark and

(continued next page)

Tuesday, January 13, 1942 (continued)

handsome. Both are genial, good natured and full of fun. They have come several times since their honeymoon. Thanksgiving Day they brought Mrs. Colby's mother and a friend with them. A few days ago they came for dinner and stayed a long time. Mrs. Colby is naturally interested in Art. She is a designer and notices the form and line of things. She spoke the other evening of the Pipe tongs - not only beautiful in shape and workmanship, but useful as well. She said that today great stress is laid upon Functional Art - a practical thing must also be artistic. "But that is not a new idea" said Mrs. Colby as she fondled the pipe tongs.

Wednesday, January 14, 1942 Warmer

The town of Sudbury is a quiet little town and seldom do we hear much about town activities. For years we have felt remote from the town. A part of it - yes - but never concerned about Mr. and Mrs. Jones - who they were or where they lived. Now, however, murmurings from the town are reaching our ears; little bits of information come in daily; all pertaining to defense work. Mr. Way is in charge - some of our watchmen are Wardens. A first aid class is under way. Red Cross workers are appealing for money and supplies. Sudbury is getting prepared for any War emergency - and we must be prepared too. It is a time when we must work together with our Sudbury neighbors for the safety of all. No longer can we feel "apart". How to share responsibility, how to help one another and how to pull together. These are lessons we must learn The War is our teacher.

Thursday, January 15, 1942 Cold

And speaking of Sudbury. Yesterday Sudbury, Massachusetts, broadcasted to Sudbury, England. A good will program was given from Station WHDL in Boston. Nine of our Sudbury people participated. The President of the Woman's Club spoke to the Club's adopted War orphan, a little English girl, Jean Braund. Mr. Albert Haynes, our dancing master, gave a short history lesson to illustrate the many close ties the Sudburys have and also informed his listeners that in his Sudbury so many young men have volunteered for military service that as yet not one has had to be drafted. Sudbury, England is in the county of Suffolk and is noted for three historic churches. It is the birthplace of Thomas Gainsborough, the painter and his house is still standing there. The name Sudbury is of Saxon origin and comes from South Burgh.

Friday, January 16, 1942 Cold

This evening was a very pleasant one. Several small parties came in for dinner including one group who ate in the Old Kitchen.

(continued next page)

Friday, January 16, 1942 (continued)

After eating all the dinner guests adjourned to the Ball room to see the classes in old fashioned dancing. It was evident that they enjoyed the dancing very much and after the last waltz had been played, they came downstairs to go through the house. It was a late hour, but guests and hostess had an interesting time. The guests were enthusiastic, responsive, informative.

"And still reluctant to retire
The friends sat talking by the fire."

Saturday, January 17, 1942 Cold

Every day we hear words of appreciation for the Inn. Guests almost always say "thank you" and more. They express their respect and admiration for the Inn and for the man who is making its preservation possible. Sometimes our guests on reaching home, want to say more. They want to put their thoughts on paper - making their gratitude a bit stronger and more lasting. A recent letter has come from the Board of Education of the City of Los Angeles. It is from Mr. Howard A. Campion, Assistant Superintendent of Adult and Vocational Education. It reads as follows:

"You will not recall, but I visited the Wayside Inn and enjoyed your charming presentation on December 10. I assure you this was one of the most enjoyable parts of my visit throughout the East. You made the history of the Wayside Inn so interesting, so human, so full of understanding philosophy that I shall long remember the treat you provided.

"Mr. Nihart, our supervisor of Vocational Education, and I have both enjoyed reading the account of the Wayside Inn Schools. I have made notes from the two issues of 1940, and I am returning them so you may have them available for other persons interested in this part of your program. I hope you will convey to Mr. Ford and the other responsible for the Wayside Inn, how much we all appreciate having history preserved in such an interesting form."

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, January 18, 1942 — Pleasant, warm

A small boy, just arrived from Cleveland, Ohio, visited the Inn today with his parents and baby sister. The family have moved to Framingham and this was their first place to "see" in New England. The son was wide eyed and open mouthed as he went through the Inn and heard the hostess tell of old New England days and ways. In the parlor he made a kind of "dive" towards the beautiful old Spinet. "Gee", he said, "that piano is almost as good as Grandma's!"

Monday, January 19, 1942 — Storm

This was one of the worst days that we have ever experienced as far as weather was concerned. A "pea soup" fog hung over the landscape all day long. It made driving an automobile a very dangerous business. Besides, there were spots of ice on the roads and to make a bad matter worse - a heavy, steady rain fell. The wind blew hard at times and altogether it was no day to be out of doors. We felt the reaction - or lack of action, here at the Inn. Not a guest appeared until a little after eight o'clock this evening. Then five people, four ladies and one gentleman came in from the misty, cold night. They hovered near the fireplace, wanted something to eat. The pantry responded, the cook made things piping hot and our day ended with these five people served.

Tuesday, January 20, 1942 — Warm

Every time Professor Schell's group comes to the Inn, there is an invited guest - an outsider who, after dinner, is the speaker of the evening. He is not known beforehand to other members of the group. In other words, the speaker is a "surprise". Tonight Professor Schell introduced the stranger as "Mr. Brown". We don't know <u>which</u> Mr. Brown, but we learned that he was a member of the Harriman Commission which went to Moscow in the Fall of 1941. It will be remembered that Harry Hopkins was the chief of this Commission and held conferences with Stalin. Mr. Brown tonight told of his experiences in Moscow when the Russians were retreating. "Moscow was like any American city in its activities except for the Black-outs at night" he said. A striking incident occured at a formal dinner party. A toast was made to two Russian flyers. The table was a very long one. Mr. Stalin not only drank a toast to the airmen, but he walked the whole length of the table, shook their hands.

(continued next page)

Wednesday, January 21, 1942 Pleasant

Mr. Bowker who is our faithful Saturday night guest, has recently brought us an old scrap book made by the Reverend W. A. P. Willard. Mr. Willard was installed as minister in Sudbury in 1871. Previously, 1855, he taught school in Sterling, Mass., and was a school master in our little Redstone School before it was moved to the Inn property.

An old certificate in the scrap book reads like this:

"This certifies that Mr. W. A. P. Willard receives our approbation as a Teacher for District No. 1, the present season.

Dec. 3, 1855 School Committee of Sterling

Mr. Bowker also showed us a bell used in the Redstone School and presented to Mr. Willard by his pupils. In the scrap book is a note written at the time of presentation. Along side the note is the following in Mr. Willard's handwriting.

"The scholars whose names are here, gave me a bell to call the scholars from the play ground which was some distance away."

Thursday, January 22, 1942 Pleasant

We were surprised this afternoon when a large Bus appeared and a group of school children flocked into the Inn. They were from the Somerville, Mass., Junior High School, 35 in number.

Friday, January 23, 1942 Pleasant

Mrs. Gross our near neighbor in the large Pearmain house was here this afternoon. She came to see her young daughter perform in the dancing class and also to comb the childs hair! It seems that little Marcie said to her mother, "Mummie, I wish you would come and fix my hair before I go to the dancing class." Mrs. Gross says that Marcie loves to dance and that she thinks it very exciting to attend the Redstone School.

Saturday, January, 24, 1942 Pleasant

Overnight guests last night were Mr. William V. C. Ruxton and Mr. Archdale Jones of New York City. Mr. Ruxton is Director of the British-American Ambulance Corps.

Preparations are underway today for the arrival of twenty ministers, members of the Retreat group who are due to arrive tomorrow, for their 40th Annual Retreat. This will be a very special occasion and one to which we are looking forward with a great deal of interest.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, January 25, 1942 Pleasant

40th RETREAT - UNIVERSALIST MINISTERS

van Schaick, Rose, Brooks, McCollester and Perkins .... men as strong and noble in character as the very timbers of this ancient place. They are here tonight under the same gambrel roof which sheltered Fraters of a Wayside Inn Retreat exactly forty years ago. A fire burns cheerily on the hearth and we notice that the Grandfather clock is ticking a new and livelier tune. As the pendulum swings back and forth we hear for - tee, for - tee, for - tee.

Yes, forty years ago Dr. Frederick W. Perkins came across country from his little parish church in Haverhill, Mass. to meet at the Wayside Inn two other Universalist ministers, Drs. Albion and Tomlinson. "It was a stormy Monday", said Dr. Perkins as he looked back upon that first Retreat. "We had no idea then that the Fraters would continue to come here for forty years." There were only three men that first year. More came the second year and more continued to come until a limit in number was set at twenty. Some dropped out and others joined. During those first years it was a transitory group. Later it became more stabilized. In what we might call the second half of Retreat history (1923 - 1942) we too have witnessed changes, especially in the past few years. But now, on this 40th anniversary eve we find gathered here twenty Fraters who are particularly congenial - one with another; men who are faithful to the Retreat ideals; young men who will carry on the great traditions of fellowship and service founded by those three men - Albion, Tomlinson and Perkins in January 1902.

Let us look in upon the Fraters of 1942. Dr. van Schaick - known to Fraters and Inn household alike as "Dr. John" - is bending near the lamp in the Bar-room. His long, delicately shaped fingers hold a book and we see him adjust his glasses several times as he reads a few paragraphs from Thoreau's "Cape Cod". All listen until someone mentions Thoreau's "Walden Pond". Then a discussion begins "Is 'Walden' his best book?" After a while we hear talk about Tragedy. What is it? Define it. Rose gives an example. Brooks expresses his idea of it. There is no disagreement; there is no arguing. Each man is given a chance to express his viewpoint. He does not force his opinion upon the others. Dr. Perkins on the outskirts of the group ended this particular discussion in this way; "I say, boys, the Tragedy is, that no one can define Tragedy.!"

(continued next page)

Sunday, January 25, 1942 (continued)

Dr. Frederick W.
Perkins

Charter member.

Has not missed a single Retreat.

Fraters from long distances came in during the late evening. A particularly warm greeting was given Fred Leining and Dr. Reamon as they drove in from Syracuse, New York. They started after their morning church services - eight hours by motor. Modest, quiet Harmon Gehr, the Ole Bull of the present group arrived from Philadelphia and as the "Goodnight Devotions" were taking place, Wallace Riske appeared with his usual friendly smile.

"Goodnight Devotions" are an innovation this year and are to be held in the Old Kitchen at 10 o'clock. Tonight a few minutes were given to prayers and a hymn. Not long afterwards the Fraters and Inn family retired. More than one closed his eyes on this Winter night, forty years after, with these words ringing in his heart:

(continued next page)

Sunday, January 25, 1942 (continued)

"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide
The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide
When other helpers fail and comforts flee
Help of the Helpless, O, abide with me."

Monday, January 26, 1942 Pleasant, warm

The official program of the Retreat - if there is anything "official" about a small typewritten sheet - announced that there would be a book review this morning at 10:30 o'clock. Dr. Rose who was to review Sorokin's book, "The Chisis of Our Age" was called back to his parish for a funeral. Therefore the afternoon program was shifted ahead. This was a reading by Miss Staples of "Leaves from the Inn Diary". Selections were read which told of Retreat activities several years ago. The older men were particularly interested in an account of a Spelling Bee. They chuckled over a description of the time-keeper and the way in which the Bee was conducted. The Spelling Bee was a Retreat tradition for many years and was generally held in the Parlor on Tuesday evening. It was finally given up and "nearly broke Dr. Tomlinson's heart when we no longer had the Spelling Bee" said Dr. Etz. Before leaving the old Kitchen this morning the Fraters peered out one of the front windows to see a couple of snow drops. They have appeared in other years at Retreat time. This year it seems as if they had made a special effort to show their tiny white heads to the Fraters.

This 40th is a Retreat of rest and relaxation. "Never was a Retreat so much needed as this one", we overheard a Frater remark. There are no particularly deep discussions. War talk is conspicuous by its absence. This afternoon the Fraters were like boys on a school holiday. Drs. Fiske and Keamon found some skates down in the basement and headed towards Josephine Pond with them. Near the fire in the Bar-room a two-some played chess while a third looked on. Dr. Ellenwood went to his room to take a nap. Others walked to the Mill and along Dutton Road. Dodging through the hallways during the afternoon were several bewhiskered gentlemen in flowing robes and high collars. They were rehearsing for the Dramatic Presentation of " Longfellow and His Friends" to be given tomorrow evening. We shut our eyes when we saw these strange characters. We do not want to meet Luigi Monti or Henry Ware Wales until the proper time comes!

This evening was devoted to "The Retreat and its Traditions". The 40 years were divided into four parts. Dr. Perkins took the beginnings. Dr. Mc Collester followed with "The Second Period", while the third speaker was Dr. Etz who recounted events in the Transition Period. Dr. Seth R. Brooks told of the Later Period. From reports we learned that a very fine history of the Retreat was given. "Goodnight Devotions" followed and thus the first day of this 40th Retreat ended.

(continued next page)

Drs. Reamon and Leining
the two "boys" from
Syracuse

Van Schaick and Brooks

Tuesday, January 27, 1942 Pleasant, warm

Someone spoke to Dr. Perkins about the "scribe" of the Retreat - meaning Dr. Roger F. Etz. "Yes, he is the <u>one</u> officer of the Retreat" said Dr. Perkins. "I never remember of his being elected; he has never been re-elected and he has never resigned!"

The annual business meeting - always of short duration was held in the Old Kitchen this morning. Then the Fraters listened to Dean Clarence R. Skinner of Tufts College speak on "Can we believe in Peace?"

Directly after luncheon, cameras were brought downstairs and the announcement made that the time had come at last when the ministers must look pleasant! Then followed walks and talks and more rehearsing for tonight's performance.

(continued next page)

Tuesday, January 27, 1942 (continued)

As is the custom every year - two or three of the Fraters rode over to Framingham to call on Dr. Albion one of the original three who started the Retreat (Albion, Tomlinson and Perkins). Perkins has not missed a single retreat; Tomlinson died in 1938; Albion is ill and has not been able to attend the meetings for several years. It was therefore a fine gesture this afternoon for a delegation to call upon this one absentee. At dinner, cooked and served in the Old Kitchen, a report was made - all were informed of the visit to Dr. Albion.

The table was long and the red table cloth and large bowl of apples delighted the Fraters as they partook of roast beef done to a "turn" on the spit. There were many laughs and songs as the dinner progressed. Then came a surprise. Miniature Red Horse signs - made by the boys in the school and painted by Miss Fisher - were presented to every man present. It was a souvenir of this 40th Retreat and at the bottom of each sign were the words "The Fraters" and the dates "1902 - 1942"

The Fraters
1942

Not all "40 year" men - but many have come to the Inn twenty and twenty-five years in succession.

Longfellow and his friends at the Wayside Inn

A few members of the Inn family and those of the Fraters who were not taking part in the performance, assembled in the Parlor at 8 o'clock this evening. Three rows of chairs had been placed on the south side of the room and the audience waited impatiently for the time to come when they would see "Longfellow and His Friends at the Wayside Inn."

First we must explain that Donald Hoyt, shortly after his arrival on Sunday, was inspired to write a Sonnet on the Inn. This he read as an Introduction.....

Tuesday, January 27, 1942 (continued)

"The Red Horse Tavern on the old post road
Sheltered a genial band through many years

Still through these halls today, a ghostly crew
Make known their presence, certain in renown".

Then came a voice from the rear - A Prologue

"I who now speak am called the Wayside Inn. In the 17th and 18th centuries I was known as Howe's Tavern. When Colonel Ezekiel Howe put up my sign with its Red Horse, people began to call me the Red Horse Tavern. Finally Mr. Longfellow wrote the book which gave me a new name.

.....

Men still hunger and thirst. Beef is beef and beds are beds and the firelight makes the same flickering shadows on the wall. No different tie bound the men who told the Tales from that which binds the Fraters of today. The joys and sorrows of 1636 and 1942 are just alike. Love is love and hate is hate in buckskin or in velvet."

Jerusha Howe came softly into the room. As she played upon the old Spinet, her brother Lyman, the Landlord, appeared. He put a log on the fire and announced:

"They're all here now. Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Monti came by carriage from Cambridge....they're as gleeful as boys let out of school."

Jerusha (Miss Fisher) spoke her mind:

"At least we'll have some talk now about things other than cattle and horses and prices. I'm glad to see them come, but I'll be glad to see them go, I must confess.....These learned men get stuffy after a time."

Then they all came in - chatting and laughing - Ole Bull with his violin, the Spanish Jew in long flowing robes, Luigi Monti the Young Sicilian, with beard which "shot sideways like a swallow's wings." The Theologian and the Poet sat on the sofa. Longfellow was asked to read new verses just published. The impersonation of Longfellow was finely done. Dr. Cummins played the part and read all the stanzas of "My Lost Youth."

"A boy's will is the wind's will
And the thoughts of youth are
long, long thoughts."

(continued next page)

Tuesday, January 27, 1942 (continued)

Next came the reading of the Monk of Casal-Maggiore, the third Tale told by the Young Sicilian in Longfellow's book. Luigi Monti was in reality Dr. William Wallace Rose.

And like in Longfellow's story the Young Sicilian was asked to play upon the Spinet. This he did while the group joined in singing "Star of the Azure Sky". Next, Wales (The Student) spoke up saying,

"Here's Edrehi, silent as a frozen brook. Come
Isaac, forget that fond listening to the ghostly chimney winds".

And with some persuasion Edrehi, (The Spanish Jew) told his tale - "Azrael". At last, Longfellow suggests that Ole Bull play a tune. This he did, an old Norwegian melody.

A voice is heard again from the rear of the audience:

"And drowsily goodnight they said
And went still gossiping to bed
And left the parlor wrapped in gloom"

All went out of the room - saying "Goodnight" to each other and "still gossiping". From the next room a soft humming of "Star of the Azure Sky" was heard. The Landlord entered, alone, and put another log on the fire.

Cast

Longfellow	Robert Cummins
Landlord	Fred Leining
Ole Bull	Harmon Gehr
Luigi Monti	Wallace Rose
Treadwell	Roger Etz
Ponto (slave)	Wallace Fiske
Jerusha	Miss Fisher
Edrehi	Max Kapp
Parsons	Gus Leining
Wales	Emerson Lalone
Voice	Frederick W. Perkins

(continued next page)

Wednesday, January 28, 1942 Pleasant

Dr. Emerson Hugh Lalone

Reamon and Leining were up early this morning and on their way towards Syracuse before 8 o'clock. The rest of the Fraters stayed for the Communion Service held in the Martha-Mary Chapel. This took place at 10 o'clock with Dr. Mc Collester conducting the service. A few said their goodbyes before luncheon. The majority left directly after luncheon. Lalone, Kapp and Hoyt remained - waiting for transportation. The time had been all too short. The Fraters were ever so grateful. Each one expressed his appreciation. Dr. John quietly handed us a picture of Longfellow made in 1863 - the year he published the "Tales". "I want you to have it for the Inn" he said.

(continued next page)

Wednesday, January 28, 1942 (continued)

Longfellow wrote a Finale - But there is no Finale to write as this 40th Retreat comes to a close. Men will continue to come and go for forty times forty years - such men as Ezekiel Howe, Ole Bull, Treadwell, Lafayette and Tomlinson. No matter what race or creed or in what time. Only the Inn will remain - its character strengthened and beautified by the imprints left by these men - deep imprints of mind and heart and soul.

Dr. Lee S. Mc Collester

Thursday, January 29, 1942 Very cold

We have returned to our regular ascedule and tonight entertained a large party. They were members of St. Mary's Dramatic Club from Waltham under the direction of Father Healey. Over a hundred men and women partook of a turkey dinner, served in the large dining room. The remainder of the evening was spent in the large Ball room where dancing was enjoyed to the tunes of a five piece orchestra.

Friday, January 30, 1942 Pleasant

Dancing classes were held as usual today; the children were here in the afternoon; the boys in the evening. Nevertheless the house seems empty and lonely. We are constantly thinking of the Retreat and remembering interesting incidents concerning it. We can hear men's voices singing in perfect harmony - "Carry me back to Old Virginy" - and we remember Dr. Coons remark when he read of 25,000 Japanese being killed in the War. "It is too bad that we rejoice at other peoples' suffering." We recall that Dr. Carmichael, President of Tufts College, was invited to the Old Kitchen dinner and was unable to be present because of the pressure of business. We chuckle when we think of witty remarks such as the one made when we asked a certain minister to register in our Special guest book. "You see, you are to put your name in this book along with Calvin Coolidge, Charles Lindberg etc", explained the hostess. "Yes," said the Frater, "how lucky they are to be in the book with us!"

Saturday, January 31, 1942 Rain

About 36 couples from towns in the vicinity of Lincoln and Weston have been practising English folk dances and some of the old fashioned American dances. They wanted to have a party and engaged our large dining room and Ballroom for that purpose this evening. Mr. Haynes was asked to come to direct the dancing and after dinner the Ballroom was practically filled as the dancers swung their partners in quadrilles and the like. Mrs. Hoppin, our Miss de Mille, came over from Framingham to play the violin and the party was a great success. All enjoyed the dancing and came prepared for it. The women wore cotton dresses and both men and women wore low heeled, soft soled shoes.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, February 1, 1942 — Pleasant

We have reported many men in uniform here - men of the Army and Navy. Most of the uniformed men are seen here on Sunday. Today we not only saw several men of the armed forces, but we saw an automobile painted red, white and blue. It drove up to our door, its body was white, the top blue and the fenders, red.

Monday, February 2, 1942 — Pleasant

Every now and then we like to take a day from the register and note the places from which the guests come. Yesterday for example we had the following cities and states represented besides many from Massachusetts.

Balboa, Canal Zone
Portland, Oregon
Biddeford, Maine
Manchester Center, Vermont
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Today we found the most genuinely interested guests to be Mr. and Mrs. Sydney B. Johnson of Westport Point, Mass. They keep an antique shop through the Summer and tour around antique places in the Winter.

Tuesday, February 3, 1942 — Pleasant

Letters are coming in from the Fraters almost every day and we quote from two or three:

> "There is a warm after-glow in my heart. The days I spent at the Wayside Inn with the Fraters cannot be forgotten."
>
> "We talked constantly on the way home of the wonderful time we had had at the Inn."
>
> "The Retreat was a good one. Reamon and Gehr are among our best men."

Wednesday, February 4, 1942 — Pleasant

And another letter came today from which we would like to quote. It is written by Mrs. Harold B. Sears who was in charge of the dancing party last Saturday evening.

(continued next page)

Wednesday, February 4, 1942 (continued)

> "Last Saturday night at the Wayside Inn was so full of real pleasure and light hearted measure that I must pen you this note to tell you so, and share some part of my happy feelings with you who made it possible to have such a thoroughly enjoyable time. For myself - from start to finish it was as near perfection as any evening I could expect to plan."

Thursday, February 5, 1942 Snow

Little snow flakes began to fall early this morning and continued through the day. At noon time the flakes were larger. By night the covering on the ground was quite deep and made travelling a hardship. We were surprised, therefore, when a car drove up to the door and a single passenger hopped out. He was Mr. Phil Merriman - a Tauck Tour conductor whom we usually see only in the Summer time. In the Winter Mr. Merriman is "laid off" for a while and spends his time in Hartford, Conn. A long time ago he promised himself a trip to the Wayside Inn "when snow is on the ground and I can take some pictures", he said. This evening was spent in chatting about Tauck Tours. Mr. Merriman usually takes the Gaspe Peninsula trip. Some of the towns have been given up on account of the War. "But Mr. Tauck is going to keep his New England Tour running if he possibly can. It is his favorite tour and the most popular", said Mr. Merriman.

Friday, February 6, 1942 Stormy

This noon we had the privilege of entertaining Dr. and Mrs. Gabriel Farrell for luncheon. Dr. Farrell is head of the Perkins Institution for the Blind. We spoke to Mrs. Farrell of our pleasure in entertaining blind people at the Inn. She replied by saying that many Perkins students have visited here and have returned full of enthusiasm for the things they have "seen". We hope to entertain more people from Perkins.

Saturday, February 7, 1942 Rain

Mr. Merriman is still here. He hasn't been able to take any pictures yet. We have had snow, yes, but not very pretty pictures are available. For the past two days heavy rain and mist have prevailed. Roads are icy and travelling is dangerous. We are glad to have a guest who is enjoying the open fires and the rest and peace the Inn affords.

Sunday, February 8th, 1942 — Rain and Sleet

A lone young man in uniform wandered in today. He told us he had hitch-hiked from Camp Devens. As regulations forbid excursions beyond twenty miles from camp, he took a map, drew a circle of twenty miles around Devens, found that the Wayside Inn came within that area, so started out with the Inn as his destination. He was most interested. After seeing the house he sat down, wrote some postcards and chatted a while. Informed us he is under twenty years old, and that he had enlisted in New York.

So many uniformed men drop in these days. As one bids them farewell the question in mind is - "Whither?"

Monday, February 9th, 1942 — Mild and Clear

By Congressional enactment at two A. M. this morning, the nation went on 'War Time'. Clocks were pushed an hour ahead; an hour of sleep was lost and won't be made up until six months after the war - the time decreed for the clocks to be turned back.

Mr. Merriman of Tauck Tours came back again today to take pictures. He will return the end of the week to spend the night, and if the pictures are developed, will bring a screen and show them to us.

Tuesday, February 10th, 1942 — Clear and Cold

We were told by a guest that Steigers Department Store Restaurant, in Connecticut, serves Indian Pudding, listed on menu as made from meal purchased at Longfellow's Wayside Inn.

Wednesday, February 11th, 1942 — Clear and Cold

Our guests in uniform tonight - a Chaplain from Fort Devens and a Lieutenant from Camp Lee, Virginia. The Chaplain none other than our old friend Father McDonough, formerly connected with a Boston parish, and now stationed at Lovell General Hospital, Fort Devens, Mass.

The Chaplain attempted to converse with the Lieutenant but the Lieutenant had laryngitis and could not speak. We felt so sorry for him-he was on leave from camp, and had come to see his family and friends - perhaps a last visit before going overseas. He and his young lady appeared to enjoy themselves, however, despite the handicap.

(continued next page)

Thursday, February 12th, 1942 — Very cold and Windy

We had a long conversation today with a guest - a Mrs. Griffiths - who is rather emotionally upset because of the war. Her son and also the young man, to whom her daughter is engaged, are both in the service. Her son has just sailed for Russia on a ship carrying ammunition. He told her the ship is so loaded that the decks amidship will be awash most of the journey.

Friday, February 13th, 1942 — Clear and Cold - a very High Wind

This seemed marked out especially as children's day. We had dancing class - as usual. The wind literally blew our children into the Inn - it reddened their cheeks and sparkled their eyes - but perhaps the anticipation of the Valentine party in the Dining Room after class, contributed to the sparkle.

So cold and windy we were hardly expecting guests when the knocker sounded. On opening the door we found four young women with their children. A baby carriage, which they wheeled right into the Inn, contained Carol Jane Smith - six months old - who has brown eyes, and her friend and neighbor Jacqueline Quinzio, five months old and blue eyed - Carol Jane in pale blue and Jacqueline in pink. Then there were Geraldine Quinzio, two years, Arthur Davis three years, and David Smith, four.

The mothers had never before visited the Inn, and were determined to make the tour. After they had watched the dancing class for a while we started around with the group. Four year old David Smith added to the interest of the tour with his bright remarks and observances; such as the long stemmed clay pipe "must have belonged to Old King Cole."

Saturday, February 14th, 1942 — Fair - Warm

Mr. and Mrs. Winifred Rhoades, a middle aged couple, were married today and came here to spend the night, having reserved Garden and Jerusha several weeks ago. Mrs. Rhoades is a friend of Longfellow's granddaughter. Mr. Rhoades, a writer of some note, is connected with the New England Medical Center. His most popular book is "The Self You Have to Live With", and tomorrow a new book "The Great Adventure of Living" will be published.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, February 15, 1942 — Fair and warmer

Miss Mills who dines with us nearly every Sunday through the winter, told us, as she was leaving today, that she had had "too much happiness" - and that we all had contributed to this happiness. She appears to be a rather lonely person and responds readily to the slightest effort of friendship. It seems that a friend had told Miss Mills that she and her husband had occupied "Jerusha" room on their honeymoon. Miss Mills had not, in her long acquaintance with the Inn, known that we had a room called "Jerusha". We told her about our rooms for overnight guests and suggested that she go upstairs and see them. She was charmed at the simplicity of the rooms and the privilege extended to her. Then, too, she dined early and was the only guest in the dining room - so witnessed the preparations for a family birthday party. These little incidents made for her the "too much happiness."

One of our frequent guests is a doctor from Marlboro, Dr. Roche. He usually comes on Sunday and brings members of his family with him. Tonight the 75th birthday of Dr. Roche's mother was celebrated. The party came in time for supper. A birthday cake was served at dessert time giving a festive touch to the occasion.

It is a popular custom for couples who have spent all or part of their honeymoon here, to return on the anniversary of their marriage. Such was the case this evening with a Mr. and Mrs. Baum who came here the first night of their marriage and who have come every year since; tonight was their 5th anniversary.

Monday, February 16, 1942 — Pleasant

Returning from a week's vacation today a certain member of the staff was struck by the serenity of the Inn. During the time spent in cities and in her own home - everywhere - there was talk and thought of war. Her friends discussed it; the movies showed a murder story which developed during a Black-out; restaurants displayed flags; stores suggested buying Defense Bonds along with other purchases; the Radio shouted news from Singapore and newspaper and magazine headlines were full of such words as "bombs" and "raids".

To step over the threshold of this old Inn this morning was like putting one's feet into a different world. Here was talk of the Peace time variety. Would it rain today? Is your Mother well? Did you receive a Valentine? And the Inn itself seemed to speak out-loud of calmness and serenity. Our employee was impressed, all over again, with the fact that the Inn was fulfilling a very great war need. It is an

(continued next page)

Monday, February 16, 1942

exceptionally strong base for moral armament. Civilian morale must be sustained through thick and thin. Fighting men want to be sure that those for whom they are fighting are loyal and confident. Here is a place where the civilian can re-arm. Coming in from the surrounding turmoil, the confused traveller will find that the Inn provides him with new courage, hope and faith.

> "We must safeguard the emotional stability of of the nation and conserve the things that can't be bombed but could be lost."

Tuesday, February 17, 1942 Rain

Mr. and Mrs. Bowker entertained a recently married couple here at dinner this evening. The young man is stationed at Camp Devens and is leaving tomorrow for parts unknown. He is a parachutist.

The speaker this evening for Professor Schell's group was Dr. Tui Ming of the Chinese Foreign Service - just returned from London. Dr. Hayden, one of the regular members of the group, presented the honor guest with a copy of the Tales as a souvenir of the Wayside Inn.

Wednesday, February 18, 1942 Fair and warm

In the Springfield Union and Republican for January 11, 1942 are three pictures; winning photographs in the December print competition of the Springfield Photographic Society. The first we recognized immediately as our Martha-Mary Chapel. There it stands solid against a sky whose fleecy clouds make an especially beautiful background. The picture was awarded First Prize and was contributed by S. Alton Ralph. But more interesting to us than the picture itself - we have seen other pictures of our Chapel as beautiful - was the very appropriate caption underneath the picture, "The Soul of New England" it said.

Thursday, February 19, 1942 Pleasant

We were filled with sympathy this evening when a pretty little wife told us that her husband is leaving soon for the War. "And we have a nine months old baby", she added. The couple are a Mr. and Mrs. Holder who have been dining here quite frequently during the past year. "We love this place and have enjoyed coming here so much" said Mrs. Holder. Lonely days are ahead for this young mother and we hope very much that she will accept our invitation to spend at least one day at the Inn - bringing baby along with her.

(continued next page)

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

(continued)

Friday, February 20, 1942 Pleasant

The Inn is a kind of half-way stop for a good many people motoring between New York and Maine. The MacKinnons are a family who make use of the Inn in this way and tonight father and son stopped overnight. They were on their way to Belfast, Maine, where they own a farm - in charge of a caretaker through the winter. "We're going up to see if everhthing is allright", said Mr. MacKinnon, "and we'll probably see you again on our way home."

Saturday, February 21, 1942 Pleasant

Today is the beginning of a holiday week-end and many people in Boston and vicinity will spend their vacation in the mountains of New Hampshire - having their fun in the great out-of-doors. They would not agree with a recent Wayside Inn guest who made this remark: "I'm undecided whether to waste my time on fresh air or stay in this beautiful place!"

Sunday, February 22, 1942 Pleasant

Washington's Birthday

Among many interested guests on this Winter holiday was a direct descendant of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, American patriot in Revolutionary time. He was Mr. G. Wyman Carroll whose home is in Norwich, Connecticut. Mr. Carroll has many family heirlooms and other interesting antiques which he invited us to see sometime. He described a one handed clock, Staffordshire china, mahogany chairs, all of which have been placed in the attic of his house and made into a kind of Museum.

Monday, February 23, 1942 Pleasant

About fifteen members of the Appalachian Mountain Club who spend most of their time sitting at office desks, took advantage of this holiday Monday by getting into the country. They made the Inn their headquarters and late in the morning started from here on a hike. They headed towards the town of Stowe, but on the way found a pond which provided good skating. A picnic lunch was enjoyed and the group returned to the Inn at 5 o'clock. Several wanted tea while others sat around the fireplaces in hiking togs and rested from their day's pleasure.

Tuesday, February 24, 1942 Pleasant

Visitors this afternoon included a small boy who came hand in hand with his grandfather - a fine gentleman of the old school. "I've been in the druggist business 71 years", said the old man - and went on to tell us that he started work in an apothecary shop when 12 years old. The boy looked at his grandfather with pride as the druggist informed us that his store does not include other things besides drugs. "Oh I do have a few candies for the kids, but I don't sell all the other things found in most drug stores. I've stuck to my business. 'Shoemaker stick to your last'," he quoted. The boy is spending a school vacation with his grandparents and when we asked him how he passed the time, he answered, "I go down to the store every day with Grandpa." Grandpa has a good philosophy on life and quoted several helpful sayings which he apparently puts into practise. I have always tried to remember that "above the clouds the sun is always shining," he said.

Wednesday, February 25, 1942 Pleasant

This is school vacation week, so we have entertained several boys and girls who have come to the Inn on their bicycles. Almost every day two or three "bikes' are seen parked near the front door. Today 8 Boy Scouts tramped over from Framingham. They walked up Mt. Nobscott, then came here. Altogether they must have walked about 12 miles.

(continued next page)

(continued)

Thursday, February 26, 1942 Pleasant

Dr. Sydney Morrison was the honor guest at a Birthday party this evening held in the Old Kitchen. Guests arrived with huge packages wrapped in bright colored paper and ribbon. One of the largest bundles proved to be a basket on wheels - for use in a garden. Dr. Morrison is a very successful X-ray specialist and spends week-ends at a farm in the country. Another "hobby" is a collection of books on Vermont. He was born and brought up there. One thoughtful friend gave him a beautiful new book called "Winter in Vermont". Members of the party came early to watch the cooking of the meat on the Spit and vegetables in the old iron pots. They stayed late. Games were played amid a great deal of laughter.

Another birthday was celebrated here this evening by a little lady, just thirteen years old today. "She loves old things", her mother said, "That's why we brought her here." When asked what kind of old things she liked best, the youngster replied, "Old clothes". She likes to dress herself up in hoop skirts, bonnets and shawls.

Friday, February 27, 1942 Pleasant

Two more birthdays were observed here today. The first and foremost was that of our poet Longfellow. He was born one hundred and thirty-five years ago today. A wreath, made up of greens from the Inn estate, was laid on the poet's grave at Mount Auburn cemetery in Cambridge.

Longfellow would have loved the young lad who was born on the same day of the month as himself - and who chose the same Inn, beloved by the poet, as a fitting place to spend his birthday. The boy was 11 years old today and came with his father and mother for a party - luncheon.

Mrs. Stuart Hoppin, formerly Miss de Mille hostess, was a visitor this evening at the dancing classes and was prevailed upon to play the Ole Bull violin. The boys and Inn family were very much pleased.

Saturday, February 28, 1942 Pleasant

The Boston Herald shows a picture today of Mr. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana, taken in the subterranean room at Craigie House - a room used for the storage of valuable manuscripts. The Herald informs us that the room is to be converted into an air raid shelter.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, March 1, 1942 Pleasant

Almost every day we hear our guests say something to the effect that the Inn - free from Defense projects - seems like a World apart. Recently a dear old lady spoke on this subject. She confessed, however, to a feeling of sadness deep in her heart wherever she goes. Even here where there is calm and peace, this woman was carrying a heavy burden of anxiety. "I had a son in the last World War", she said, "and I can feel for every Mother who is sending her son into this War". Try, as we do, to keep the Inn in a "World apart", the shadow of War hangs over us. Once or twice a day an airplane flies overhead. Sudbury is to have its first Blackout test next week. Faith must be our watchword.

Why trust we not our God
Creation's Lord and Law
Who framed the firmament and keeps
The sun and stars in awe?

No kingdoms of this world
His Kingdom shall subdue;
No tyrant's rod, or conqueror's sword
His patient plan undo.

John Haynes Holmes

Monday, March 2, 1942 Pleasant

Miss Fisher returned from her vacation today. Miss Fielding will be off this week. Hostesses are staying close to their homes this year on account of tire and gasoline shortage.

Tuesday, March 3, 1942 Pleasant

We never heard of cake "flummery" or cake "trifle" until a guest called our attention to the desserts listed on an old bill of fare which hangs in the lower hall. With the aid of Webster's we learned that cake flummery is cake with a soft custard poured over it. Cake trifle is a dish of sponge cake soaked in wine with macaroons fruit jams and whipped cream.

(continued next page)

Wednesday, March 4, 1942 Pleasant

Whenever Mr. and Mrs. Wishing come from Wickford, Rhode Island, to visit their daughter, they stop here for luncheon. The daughter is a nurse at the Marlboro Hospital. Today all three were guests at noon time.

Thursday, March 5, 1942 Pleasant, warm

This is the 172nd anniversary of the Boston Massacre - March 5th. We make note of this each year because of the Massacre print which hangs in the Bar-room. The print was made by Paul Revere and used as propaganda at the time of the Revolutionary War.

Dr. and Mrs. George C. Shattuck of Brookline arrived today for a rest. Both are very active in civic affairs; Mrs. Shattuck being interested in Chinese relief and in Pan American good-will relations.

Friday, March 6, 1942 Stormy

Mark Twain said, "There is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather". There was certainly a variety about the weather today. In the morning, dampness and fog....Later a snow storm and towards evening a clear sky with the sun shining.

Dr. and Mrs. Hanson from Belmont thought it a good day for tea at the Inn. They came in the afternoon as soon as the doctor could get away - and they sat for a long time in front of the open fires. Mrs. Hanson worked on a hooked rug - reminding us of hand work done by women folk in the old days.

Saturday, March 7, 1942 Pleasant

It has been a long time since we have mentioned Mr. and Mrs. Bowker who come regularly every Saturday evening. This is to express again our appreciation of their interest in the Inn and their faithfulness in bringing roses every time they come. This evening the Bowkers, carrying a large bunch of Talisman roses, appeared as usual.

And speaking of flowers, Mrs. Shattuck graciously presented us with a dozen carnations when making her departure this morning. Both Dr. and Mrs. Shattuck were appreciative of a quiet two days spent in the Inn. Stormy weather prevented walks out-of-doors, but Mrs. Shattuck was a real Polly-anna when she said, "It is good - every now and then - to sit in the house and just do nothing."

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, March 8, 1942 — Warm and Sunny

The sunshine today brought out quite a few sightseers.

A group of fourteen was entertained at an Old Kitchen Dinner by Mrs. Willard G. Watson of Fitchburg.

Monday, March 9, 1942 — Heavy Rain

With the ground somewhat softened by yesterday's warmth, today's steady downpour of rain must be a joy to the country residents whose wells have suffered from the drought of the past year.

We had an appreciation of our parlor furniture prettily expressed by a well groomed old gentleman with a neatly clipped mustache. Gazing around the room, he spoke of the variety of influences in the making of the different pieces. He said the piano is French - Chippendale Chinese - Queen Ann Dutch. But they group so beautifully - like real ladies and gentlemen, they fit in anywhere.

Tuesday, March 10, 1942 — Fair

Today's visitors a Mrs. Stewart of Weston and her niece, Jean Stewart of Hadleigh, Essex, England, a refugee. With them Miss Mary Brown, who played the parlor piano. Miss Brown is the possessor of medals from several crowned heads of Europe for her work in entertaining soldiers in World War I.

Wednesday, March 11, 1942 — Fair and Warm

What the Chapel means to people may be shown by Mrs. Butler's visit today. She took the bus from Boston just to spend a half hour in the Chapel to"relax and meditate" - returning to Boston on the next bus.

Thursday, March 12, 1942 — Cloudy and Raw

Signs of Spring, however, with a Grey Line party to see the Inn and have luncheon.

A party of eleven for tea - Mrs. Stuart Hoppin (Muriel de Mille) and her sister and friends.

Friday, March 13, 1942 — Fair and Warm

Today is quite a contrast to yesterday - a warm, sunny day and the first Robin in the garden. The Robin was in flight when first seen, which, we are told means good luck to the seer.

(continued next page)

Saturday, March 14, 1942 Cold with Snow and Sle

Several clusters of snow drops are standing up bravely in the sleet. They have been in bloom for over a week. A few appeared the first week in February but they were covered by the snow, and now after the warm sun of the week, we have a second blooming.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, March 15, 1942 Sleet and Rain

"Mother" Olsen with her now famous son Ole Stephen Bull Olsen and his wife were dinner guests today. Son Ole is playing in "Hellzapoppin" current show in a Boston theatre. "Mother Olsen", as she signed herself in our guest book, was born and brought up in a log cabin in Indianna - slept in a trundle bed - scrubbed floors with bundles of dried rushes and sand and used all the household utensils such as we have in the Old Kitchen. Mother Olsen said her sons (there is another son in the theatrical business) asked her what she would like most for a gift and she said "a log cabin home" with all the old things her mother used to use but "up to date" too. The Ole Bull violin interested Mr. Olsen. He bears the name Ole Bull through sentiment, not relationship.

Monday, March 16, 1942 Cloudy

We have fallen in love with Virginia Ryan, grandaughter of Thomas Fortune Ryan. She has been here twice recently with her English governess, a Miss Spiller. Virginia is 8 years old and lives in Newport, Rhode Island. She has a brother in school at Southboro, Mass. Therefore Miss Spiller's errand is to find a shelter in this vicinity where Virginia can come in case Newport children are evacuated. Today she found a small apartment near Southboro. Both Miss Spiller and Virginia are enjoyable guests. Virginia has a beautiful pencil box and likes to draw pictures - while Miss Spiller entertains with stories about her cottage in Dover, England. We picture it near the "White Cliffs of Dover" and feel as anxious for its safety as does Miss Spiller. She has built the place as a home for her retirement and it is filled with mementos of children for whom she has cared.

Tuesday, March 17, 1942 Cloudy

There were 11 men in Professor Schell's group this evening. Professor Schell was absent, however - which made the evening not quite as interesting as usual. We did not learn the name of the guest speaker.

Wednesday, March 18, 1942 Pleasant

Bicycles are beginning to be seen more and more frequently around the Inn. Not only are they wheeled by children, but several adults have appeared on them. We are hearing about the English style bikes and the Victory bikes - and very fine ones with gear shifts. Today a couple of ladies rode over from Concord 12 miles - one way. They were dressed in special bicycle togs and stayed for tea.

(continued next page)

Thursday, March 19, 1942 Windy

Tavern Talk

Visitor: "I love old furniture so much that I can 'feel' a piece of it even if my back is turned to it."

Mrs. Jack Gardner's Palace - famous museum in Boston - is still open, but guests inform us that it is not as interesting because many of the treasures have been put away for safe keeping during the duration.

Army officers located on a special mission in Boston for the past six months, came here the night before being sent to "parts unknown". "We've been in Boston all this time and are just now seeing the Historical places", they said.

Horseback riders are not seen frequently but are becoming more numerous around the Inn. Two different parties have been seen during the past week.

Friday, March 20, 1942 Cloudy

A letter from Miss Maud St. John in Oak Park, Illinois, came today. In it she informs us: "I visited the Inn last September. I found I had two copies of the Mary Lamb book - evidently having picked up a second one when I already had one. Therefore I am sending .25 cents for the extra book."

The first baby lamb was born today. This always excites interest - especially among the children. They flock in great numbers to the sheep barn on Dutton Road as soon as this announcement is made.

Saturday, March 21, 1942 Cloudy

A typical March day heralded the arrival of Spring. Wind and rain made the cheery fires within more attractive to our guests - among them Miss Julie Larimer and Miss Helen G. Thomas from Wellesley who are here for a restful week-end. We also have a bridal couple, Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Myers, who wrote when making their reservation: "The Wayside Inn with its Old Mill across the way has a sentimental aspect to us."

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, March 22, 1942 Cloudy

Sunday inclines us to meditation and seldom does the day pass without a little meditation on the Inn itself - what it means to us and to the many guests who come here. Today we were discussing the War with a small group of guests. Not so much the War itself as the effect of the War on the sentiment of the American people and their reaction to places such as this. Will people become so emerged in the present conflict that they will forget these American landmarks? Or will they cherish more than ever before these American shrines which symbolize the liberty and freedom for which our forefathers fought. Certainly there is only one answer. When the War is over Americans will turn with ever greater respect and admiration towards their Wayside Inns.

Monday, March 23, 1942 Cloudy

Miss Fisher reports an interesting guest this morning - a small boy by the name of Joseph Berbeck. He is in the 5th grade in school and has learned several of Longfellow's poems. He was quiet in the Parlor while Miss Fisher told of the part Longfellow played in the history of this old Inn. But later, while Joseph sat in the dining room at Breakfast with his parents, he volunteered a Longfellow poem. Miss Fisher was called in while this seemingly bashful boy attempted to recite the whole of "The Children's Hour". Miss Fisher says he hesitated in several places but was able to reach the end of the poem successfully.

Tuesday, March 24, 1942 Cold

We a re all glad to know of the safe arrival of the old sombre clock. It was sent to Dearborn to be repaired and has just returned in the custody of Mr. Sennott who has been visiting in Dearborn. The clock is one of our most precious possessions and has been greatly missed. Hostesses enjoy quoting Longfellow where he says, "The firelight....crowned the sombre clock with flame - the hands, the hours, the maker's name." Guests enjoy seeing the actual clock which will now be in its accustomed place in a corner of the Parlor.

The Edison phonograph which belongs in a beautiful old chest in the Ball room, has also been repaired and returned. Old time dance records are available and guests often find this machine, with its records, a source of good entertainment.

(continued next page)

Wednesday, March 25, 1942 Windy

EARLY SPRING DAY at the WAYSIDE INN

The Red Horse prancing on the sign, seems a little livelier as Spring approaches and he looks down upon one of the school boys preparing the driveway for Spring visitors.

(continued next page)

Thursday, March 26, 1942 Pleasant

Work on repairing the front part of the Inn is progressing rapidly. Sturdy new timbers are replacing the old ones - which, when uncovered, were found to be unsafe for the hundreds of guests passing over them. Particularly was this true at the rear of the second floor hall. The front stairs were also found to be of delicate construction and have been replaced. Paper in both upper and lower halls has been taken off and new plaster laid. When this is thoroughly dry, a new paper will appear of appropriate design. We are looking forward to the time when guests exclaim, "What lovely old paper!" Often when repair work is done, guests are completely unaware of it. There is very little difference in the appearance of the rooms and the old atmosphere is still retained.

Friday, March 27, 1942 Cloudy

(continued next page)

Saturday, March 28, 1942 Cold

An old lady, after reading the lines scratched on the window panes in the Parlor, quoted the following verse. She could not recall its source - just an echo from her youth.

"She whose fair hand these scratchy lines betoken
Wrote them on glass - she knew it could be broken."

We obtained a signature for our book of distinguished guests this evening. The new name is that of Robert P. Tristram Coffin - noted writer and poet and teacher at Bowdoin College. In our book he registered from Longfellow's College, Brunswick, Maine.

Friday, March 27

Belated Pictures

Miss Fisher as Aunt Jerusha
in the play given by
the Fraters
at their 40th Retreat

Wreath placed on Longfellow grave - February 27, 1944

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, March 29, 1942 — Pleasant

The Inn took on a war time air today as group after group consisted of men in uniform with wives and sweethearts. Many stayed for dinner and told us that their homes were in distant parts of the United States. We are trying to learn the significance of the various insignia which the men wear. We have entertained colonels, midshipmen, air corps pilots and marines.

Monday, March 30, 1942 — Pleasant

A pleasant scene confronted us as we entered the Parlor around 10 o'clock this evening. Four young people were gathered around the spinet. One of them was playing while the others sang. Strong young voices joined heartily in some of the old favorites - "Drink to me only with thine eyes" and others. We keep a book of familiar songs in the drawer of the spinet. This had evidently been found and the pages in it were turned from one song to another for almost an hour. These were men and women in their twenties - workers through the daytime and here for a little relaxation. The house itself was interesting to them, but the most enjoyable part of the evening was the song fete around the old piano. They expressed hearty appreciation of a good old fashioned good time.

Tuesday, March 31, 1942 — Pleasant

A distinguished guest this evening was the future President of a small Maine college. He was Professor Bixler of Harvard recently appointed head of Colby College. The party to which Professor Bixler belonged was a rather formal one - four people - and the hostess on duty was not able to obtain much information. We remember that the appointment of Professor Bixler to his new post was announced in all the local newspapers and is a position of importance in academic circles.

Wednesday, April 1, 1942 — Pleasant

Cards which have been passed to us over the Bar recently, bear the names of interesting guests. One is that of Miss Dorothy Higgins, Managing Editor - Gateway Magazine - and the other is that of Philip N. Eckman, second vice president of the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.

(continued next page)

Wednesday, April 1, 1942 (continued)

A man with a very loud voice walked into the Inn not long ago and asked if he might show his friend around. On the way "around" we could hear every remark made to his friend. One of them was this: "I feel more at home here than I do in my own home!"

Thursday, April 2, 1942 Pleasant

Mr. Birdseye, founder of Birdseye Foods, was a luncheon guest this noon. Another notable was Miss Susan Saltonstall, young daughter of the governor of Massachusetts. She was accompanied by two friends her own age (about 11 years) and two adults. Still another interesting guest was a man who has just returned from California. He showed us a piece of shrapnel picked up at the time a Japanese observation plane was sighted off the California coast. Anti-aircraft guns fired at it. The shrapnel was from an American bomb.

Friday, April 3, 1942 Cloudy

Several school groups have visited us this week. They are coming from other parts of the country. Today there were about 30 students from New York state. Instead of going to Washington this year High schools are planning historical trips to other places. The usual custom has been for school children to save their money for a trip to Washington. The war has changed this tradition. Washington is already overcrowded; the children are not wanted there. Boston, with its many historical sites, is serving as a good substitute.

Saturday, April 4, 1942 Pleasant

The Easter season with its lovely warm sunshine and white lilies is upon us and today we were busy with holiday guests passing this way to spend Easter with friends or relatives. At noon time we entertained Mr. John R. Felska, from the Dearborn Inn. He was here with his brother and stayed for luncheon. A third member of the Felska family is stationed at Fort Devens - about 25 miles from here - and the boys had been spending a few days with their brother. A kind lady offered to drive them over here. Their time was somewhat limited because they were scheduled to leave for Dearborn this afternoon. Naturally John was very much interested in our Inn because of his connection with the Dearborn Inn.

Also from Dearborn today were eleven men from the Rouge plant, on business with the General Electric Company at Lynn, Mass. They stayed for luncheon and found the old kitchen of particular interest.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, April 5, 1942 Pleasant

Easter

Easter with its atmosphere of flowers and music was observed at the Inn by large numbers of guests who came for dinner. Many admired the flowers which decorated the house and the afternoon sunshine brought warmth and Spring into the air. The ladies were dressed in new clothes; many of the gentlemen in uniforms. All day long the house was filled with guests. At four o'clock the Boys School conducted a very fine service in the Martha-Mary Chapel. A guest who attended gave us one of the programs. Our eyes fell upon the last two lines of the well known hymn - "O worship the King", and over and over again we repeated them as this Easter Sunday of 1942 drew to a close.

"Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end.
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend."

Monday, April 6, 1942 Very Pleasant

We were pleased to entertain several very enjoyable guests this evening. First a good looking young couple who appeared in time for dinner and told us that this was their first visit to the Inn. We explained the history of the house, described the Bar-room and then went to the Old Kitchen. Antiques were new to this apparently newly-wed couple and they exclaimed enthusiastically over each and every thing. Suddenly the young man turned to his wife and in a tone of ecstasy said, "I think we're going to like New England after all!"

The rest of the evening was spent with a group of four which included three men connected with the Fanny Farmer candy business. Mr. Fairchild makes the familiar box used by this old established company - and he assured us that the same box with its oval picture of Miss Farmer thereon will not be changed for many years to come.

Tuesday, April 7, 1942 Pleasant

The question of Bus service is confronting us. Will sight-seeing busses be allowed to run this Summer or will people wanting to travel be compelled to do so by train? So far there has been no definite decision made. Consequently almost every day now the Grey Line Bus arrives bringing us a few passengers. This makes us feel as if Summer was actually creeping in upon us. Slowly the number of Bus guests increases until in June and July we entertain as many as fifty or a hundred each day. Some of the regular Bus drivers and conductors have gone to the war - but we are not surprised any day to see the

(continued next page)

Tuesday, April 7, 1942

big grey monster appear. Today there were about thirty-five aboard - mostly High school students from a small town in New York state.

Wednesday, April 8, 1942 Pleasant

And speaking of the Grey Line, we entertained a particularly enjoyable old gentleman who came via the Grey Line on a recent sight seeing tour. He listened to every word the hostess spoke. He responded enthusiastically and when old fashioned dancing was mentioned - the Quadrille and Seaside Polka - he spoke out loud before a room full of guests: "Thank God for one place which is still civilized", he said. Seeing the Hessian soldiers used as andirons in the Bar-room, the same gentleman expressed a desire to shake hands with them. "One of my ancestors was a Hessian", he informed us.

Thursday, April 9, 1942 Cloudy

We experienced our second Black-out this evening. Framed curtains have been made to fit the Bar-room windows and that is the only room where lights are allowed. Tonight for the first time, we heard the blast from our new siren which is attached to the roof and gives warning to all the people who live on the estate. Several of the men are Wardens and boys in the school are messengers. Our station wagons are to be used as ambulances. We felt a little better organized tonight than before and hope for perfect functioning when the state-wide Black-out comes.

Sixty-seven members of the Hudson Women's Club were luncheon guests this noon.

Friday, April 10, 1942 Snow

An April snow storm covered the landscape today and made trees and roofs and window sills look like mid winter. We have had few warm days and Spring does not seem "just around the corner" - although the lilac buds are making a brave effort to show themselves.

Saturday, April 11, 1942 Snow

We met the author of "The Self you have to live with", Mr. Winfred Rhoades, when he came here on his honeymoon a short time ago. The book was a "best seller" and was followed by "The Great Adventure of Living". Today we received a copy of the latter as a gift from Mr. Rhoades. Quotations from it are these:

(continued next page)

Saturday, April 11, 1942 (continued)

"Courage is not the absence of fear; it is the conquest of fear."

"Because of what you do or think today you will be tomorrow something other than you are now."

"You are shaped by what you are interested in; you are interested in what you permit yourself to think about; you notice what you have trained yourself to notice."

Sunday, April 12, 1942 Pleasant, windy

Many Finnish people live in our neighboring town of Maynard. They work in the mills. This afternoon a small group of them came over from Maynard to see the Inn and with them was a distinguished gentleman - an orchestra leader and conductor. He was Mr. Tanno Hannikainen from Detroit. In our guest book Mr. Hannikainen made a little scale and wrote the first measures of the Finnish National Anthem, "Finlandia" by Sibelius. He spoke of knowing Mr. Ford and seemed to enjoy the Inn very much indeed.

Monday, April 13, 1942 Very pleasant

We seldom have a guest register from Siberia, but today the name of that vast country appeared on our book. We made a special point of contacting the guest and learned that he was born in Siberia. He lived there until 8 years old and hasn't been back for 20 years. "I may return most any day now", said he. "I'm going into the air corps next week." Siberia is not only a place where Russian prisoners are sent to work the mines, but it is also a country of large farms. Great quantities of wheat and other grains are raised. "I lived on a farm like that", explained this good looking young man - and he went on to tell us about the bitter cold of winter when the temperature is 70 and 80 degrees below zero. There are only four months of relief. Then it is very, very hot. "No in-between temperature", he said.

Nine very nice ladies from Watertown enjoyed dinner here this evening and afterwards a trip through the house. They are neighbors who gather once a week to play cards and at the end of the year treat themselves to a dinner party.

Tuesday, April 14, 1942 Cold

An elderly gentleman was particularly pleased to see our wooden dishes in the kitchen. He told of reading old inventories and accounts of people who lived in by-gone days. "Many times I've read of a 'Dish-turner'", he said, "And never knew the exact meaning." Evidently a "dish-turner" was a man who turned out wooden dishes on a lathe.

Wednesday, April 15, 1942 Showers

The Inn looks unusually well this Spring after the recent repair work. This is nearing completion. The last "job" was a new floor in the original dining room. Wide boards have been used to conform with the appearance of the old ones. These are much safer for guests and others

(continued next page)

Wednesday, April 15, 1942 (continued)

to walk upon. The hall is neat and trim with fresh wall paper - still a hunting scene and hunters in red coats like in the pattern of the old paper. The sombre clock is in its usual place after a journey to Dearborn for repairs and in a short time every single chair, table and picture will be in its accustomed position.

Thursday, April 16, 1942 Rain

Longfellow and his poems reminded one of our guests today of her contribution, as a child, to the erection of a Longfellow monument in Portland, Maine. Every school child was asked to give 10 cents for the memorial. "I never pass the statue without feeling that I own a part of it", said this elderly lady.

Friday, April 17, 1942 Showers

We had a thrilling "find" today when one of the masons working in the original dining room unearthed a scrap of paper - frayed around the edges and yellowed. It was lodged between the chimney and front panelling of the fireplace. It is rectangular and approximately 11½" by 6½". On one side is written in large, bold letters "A. Howe, Sudbury". On the other side is a printed poem called "The Lamplighter". The date is January 1, 1816. The lamplighter is pictured in a dark setting with ladder and torch. Underneath is a poem of 5 verses - one of which is this:

"See the brisk Lightman, move his steady round,
His labours light, but yet it hath no bound
From street to street, through ally, warf and lane
He fleets along, his livlihood to gain."

Adam Howe is remembered as the 4th Howe landlord of the Inn. He was here between 1796 and 1830. Adeline Lunt gives a picture of the Inn during Adam Howe's time in Harpers Magazine for August 1880. She says that Adam was painstaking and prosperous. "His broad acres stretched through meadow and woodland for miles away. His good wife, with ample force of male and female accessories, conducted the menage and their two sons Lyman and Adam and one daughter, Jerusha, made up the perfect family picture.

(continued next page)

Saturday, April 18, 1942 Clearing

We are feeling the hustle and bustle of a holiday week-end. Tonight our rooms were filled with overnight guests. Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Plummer came from Auburn, Maine and were particularly interested in the house itself - the wide floor boards, the hinges, the fireplaces etc. Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Walbridge were on their way to Maine after a winter in the south and Mr. and Mrs. Orton Camp were here to attend a wedding this evening in the neighboring town of Lincoln. Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Morse who have been here since March 26, are occupying the Jerusha and Garden rooms while their new-old house is being made ready for occupancy.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, April 19, 1942 — Pleasant

All day long on this holiday, we told our guests the story of Colonel Ezekiel Howe and how he led two Sudbury Companies to Concord on the 19th of April 1775. This was the fact which inspired Longfellow when writing the Tales of a Wayside Inn to give the story of Paul Revere's Ride to the landlord to tell. The landlord at that time being Ezekiel's grandson, Lyman Howe. Other things in the Inn which brings this holiday closer to us are the two pictures which hang in the Bar room of the Inn - printed by Paul Revere.

A very pretty wedding took place in the Martha-Mary Chapel this afternoon when Miss Beatrice Almeda Anderson of Worcester became the bride of Mr. Jay L. Mumma of Hanover, Pennsylvania. The Chapel was decorated prettily and about a hundred guests witnessed the ceremony performed by Rev. T. A. Ericson. After the ceremony at 4 o'clock, all the guests came to the Inn for a reception and supper. The large dining room was decorated with Spring flowers and a high white wedding cake was cut. During supper Mrs. Mabel Anderson Pearson sang two or three solos including "I love you truly." Altogether we thought this to be one of the nicest wedding parties ever held at the Inn.

Monday, April 20, 1942 — Partly cloudy

Guests numbering around a hundred started to arrive at noon time for a wedding reception and luncheon scheduled for 1:30 o'clock. The orchestra seated themselves in the large Ball room and the reception seemed well under way by the time the bride and groom arrived. They were Mr. and Mrs. John A. Smith - married early this morning. After luncheon the guests adjourned to the Ball room where music and a general good time followed 'till later afternoon. Then the bride and groom made their departure amid a showering of confetti.

Still later in the afternoon a group of 120 students from the Atlantic Union College, South Lancaster, Mass., came to see the house. We had thought to make the story of the Inn rather brief for this group because of the fact that they had already spent the greater part of the day in sightseeing. They became so interested in the Inn, however, that we spent nearly an hour in explaining things to them.

Tuesday, April 21, 1942 — Pleasant

It doesn't seem possible that another year has rolled by and Professor Schell's meeting tonight was the last for this season. This group, composed of professional men from Harvard and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and numbering around fifteen - are another Wayside Inn tradition. They have been coming annually for seventeen years.

(continued next page)

Tuesday, April 21, 1942 (continued)

At dinner time a Bus load of High School students stopped in front of the Inn and announced that they would like to see the house. Hostesses took them through. They were from the High School of Commerce, Springfield, Mass., and numbered thirty-five. The teachers in charge informed us that this was only half their number. They would be here with thirty-five more students tomorrow.

Wednesday, April 22, 1942 Pleasant

This beautiful warm day brought out lots of sight-seers in the afternoon and in almost every group there were several children. This is Spring vacation week. Among children who came were 15 girls from the Holy Family High School in New Bedford, Mass., accompanied by two Sisters.

A tragic situation which turned out to be a rather humorous one, presented itself this afternoon when a good looking sailor boy hobbled into the Inn on a pair of crutches. Guests sitting in the Bar room whispered "How pathetic ", and decided among themselves that the young man was one of the first American war heroes - probably wounded at Pearl Harbor. Their imagination led them to think that the boy was brought back on a stretcher. They wondered in what hospital he was convalescing. They finally said that above all places they were glad to have seen their first War wounded at such a historic place as the Wayside Inn. One of the hostesses, in the meantime, learned from the Red Cross worker who came with the boy, that he was hurt in an automobile accident while travelling from New York to Boston! The guests when last seen, were still pouring out sympathy and seemed ready to burst into tears.

Thursday, April 23, 1942 Pleasant

Sometime ago - about the last of December - we had the pleasure of hearing Miss Diana Harding, aged 12, recite one of her own poems. It was a delightful thing about a haunted house and Diana's way of reciting it was natural and sincere. It was truly a charming presentation by one so young and we were much impressed with the child. Recently we received a poem called "The Wayside Inn" written by this same little girl after her visit here. The poem is eleven verses long. It loses some of its charm when not read by the author herself who has a lovely voice. Here are some of the verses.

A large old house on the Post road
A travellers' lodging it had been
Is the place Mr. Longfellow
Called the Wayside Inn.

(continued next page)

Thursday, April 23, 1942 (continued)

Henry Ford came just in time
To keep it from crumbling away
He looked for the things sold in the sale
On the hilltop, in the valley, by the bay.

No house can ever be
Or ever was known to have been
More adorned with antiquity
Than this old Wayside Inn

Friday, April 24, 1942 Pleasant

The annual visit of students from the New Haven State Teachers' College took place this afternoon when 75 students arrived by Bus. This is always an enjoyable group to entertain. They apparently glean much knowledge and information. Practically every one carries note book and pencil.

The formal Spring dance of the Boys School was held this evening in the large Ball room. An orchestra played for old fashioned dancing. The young ladies wore their best dresses and refreshments were served.

Saturday, April 25, 1942 Pleasant

Sixty-one Maine High Schools competed in a Dramatic contest recently. First place was won by the Rockland High School with their play "The Last Curtain". There were only four in the cast, two boys and two girls. These youngsters visited the Inn today. Tonight they will attend the New England Drama Festival in Boston - when it will be determined whether these Maine youngsters are first in dramatic ability over all New England. They were not nervous, however, and said "We'll do just the best we know how."

We remembered Mr. Stern as a student at Harvard when he came to the Inn frequently. After graduation we lost track of him. Tonight he appeared for the first time in 3½ years. He has been working in New York and a week ago reported for military duty at Greenfield, Mass. "Now that I'm near the dear old Wayside Inn again, you'll see me often", said Mr. Stern.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, April 26, 1942 Pleasant

A very pretty 50th Wedding anniversary was celebrated here this evening when a Mr. and Mrs. McQuire of Hudson sat down at dinner with 17 members of their family. The family included children and grandchildren. Favors in the shape of gold bells added an appropriate touch to the occasion.

Monday, April 27, 1942 Pleasant

Our April 19th
Bride

Beatrice Anderson Mumma

Monday, April 27, 1942 (continued)

Mr. and Mrs. Jay L. Mumma

Married in the

Martha - Mary

Chapel.

Tuesday, April 28, 1942 Pleasant

The Queens of Avalon, young woman's club, from Marlboro, celebrated their 25th anniversary here this evening and enjoyed dinner served in the large dining room. The Queens of Avalon is a social and charitable organization and is interdenominational in Protestant churches. Tonight one of the Charter members of the Marlboro branch was present.

Wednesday, April 29, 1942 Pleasant

Little girl hastening towards the spinet in the Parlor: "My, what a pretty old spindle!"

Lady and daughter: "We are doing our sightseeing now while there is gasoline to be had. After the 14th of May, we will have to stay at home." They were from New York City.

Hostess explaining things in the old kitchen: "Men a hundred years ago used to present household utensils as birthday and valentine gifts.
Pretty young woman: "They still do!"

A nice young couple, just recently moved to our neighboring town of Weston, explained that there is a large collection of Longfellow Letters, manuscripts etc. at Haverford College, near Philadelphia.

Thursday, April 30, 1942 Pleasant

The young man in the background of the next picture is one of the Welch boys, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Sohier Welch. The Welches own the old Colonel Nixon house over the hill in Framingham Center. The boys have been coming to the Inn for years. They attended St. Marks School and we have watched them grow from tiny boys to handsome young men. They feel very much at home in the Inn and are apt to "Drag in" most any time with a friend or friends. Often they come on horseback. Recently we learned that the mother of the boys - Mrs. Welch - has made a study of the stencilling which was applied by itinerant painters to walls and floors of houses a hundred or two years ago. Stencilling was found in the Nixon house and restored to original design and colors by Mrs. Welch herself. She has made a thorough search for patterns and

(continued next page)

Thursday, April 30, 1942 (continued)

the history of the work which was often done by men who went from town to town and "dressed up" a room or two in homes of the more wealthy. Our own Lafayette room was perhaps stencilled by the same man who did the Nixon house. Mrs. Welch would know and she has offered to come and restore the Lafayette floor with its original pattern. Faint traces of the stencil work can be seen around the edges of the floor. We think it would be very interesting to see the whole pattern as it was done in General Lafayette's time.

Friday, May 1, 1942 Pleasant

Every year we write about Spring, and lilac time, and every year we wonder if the season was ever more beautiful. The trees are in their soft, lacy garb of various shades of green. Some are very yellow in appearance while others are a deep shade - almost black.

(continued next page)

Friday, May 1, 194- (continued)

Buds are everywhere and glisten in the warmth of the sun as they seem anxious to burst into bloom. And drifting through the air is that sweet odor of the lilacs. They are still in bud now - earlier than usual - and we are fortunate in having many of them around the Inn. Lilacs, of course, are an old fashioned flower and belong near old houses. On both sides of the front door are graceful, tall branches - white lilacs on one side and lavendar on the other. These are like Spring sentinels. They guard the entrance and we watch them constantly from the first tiny bud to their full blossoming. Then, when the time comes, we drink in their fragrant perfume.

Saturday, May -, 194- Pleasant

The Brookline Bird Club which is a branch of the Audubon Bird Club usually comes to the Inn estate once a year to identify the birds in this vicinity. They came today - about 40 in number - and were seen in several different places looking through field glasses. They stop near a pond and stealthily walk across the meadows. They reported having seen forty-eight different kinds of birds. "We saw lots of very fine birds" said one of the members.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, May 3, 1942 Pleasant

Two distinguished guests were seen in the crowd of visitors who came today. They were Princess Shabacsky and Arthur Kennedy, a well known motion picture actor. Both impressed us as democratic, friendly people. The Princess was a woman of about 40 years and dressed modestly. The young actor was tall, good looking and of a seemingly retiring nature.

Monday, May 4, 1942 Pleasant

Very entertaining guests for the past three days have been Miss Liza Dietz and her Governess Miss Lilian Drinkwater. Liza is the daughter of Howard Dietz, Publicity Director for Metro-Golden-Mayer Motion Pictures. She is four years old and is here to see her half brother, who is in school at Southboro. On Saturday night the boy took part in one of the school plays. Liza was very excited about attending the performance and wore a beautiful little taffeta frock, which she called her "party dress." She showed it to guests in the bar room and volunteered to display little red shoes. She has been accustomed to all sorts of luxury. Miss Drinkwater has told of visits to England and a stay in the house of the Earl of Sandwich. Yet Liza is simple in her wants for entertainment. She digs in the sand and sits in the garden and jumps up and down when particularly happy. We have become very fond of the child. The governess is very English and explained to us that Liza is bashful "when she goes to fresh places."

We find ourselves entraned with her (Miss Drinkwater's) accent and have listened with great admiration to the story of her own life. Briefly, she lost her husband when their child was a year and a half old. The only child, a daughter, was given a fine education through much hardship and sacrifice on the part of the mother. Then the daughter married, lived in Coventry ~~at the time~~ in a house her mother had bought - a house which Miss Drinkwater felt she could call "home". The Coventry Blitz (in this present War) wiped out the whole street - house completely destroyed; daughter and son-in-law gone; a mass funeral for 400. Miss Drinkwater doesn't want to go back; she doesn't want to hear the whole truth. She is being as brave as brave can be. Her courage to go on and her smile has made us feel very humble. We have thanked God for our many blessings here at this beautiful old Inn. And speaking of prayers we met Liza one night in the hallway, wearing pink pajamas. "Have you said your prayers to Miss Drinkwater?" we asked. "No," she replied, "I've said my prayers to God!"

Our respected friend and first teacher at the Mary Lamb School, Miss Martha Hopkins, arrived here at 11 o'clock this morning and spent the day in renewing old friendships. She was her old sweet self- gracious and cordial - with the same little twinkle in her eye which we know indicates a keen sense of humor. Except for a little slower pace Miss Hopkins appeared the same as when she came to the Inn in 1927. Since then she has been to Europe for a sight-seeing tour and is wont to spend winters with a very dear friend in

(continued next page)

Bangor, Maine. During the summer she is free to visit relatives or sometimes boards near the mountains or seashore. She appeared quite well and was interested in knowing every detail of the people with whom she worked when on the Inn staff. Pupils of the Little Red School House who sat in the tiny desks in front of Miss Hopkins, will never forget her. Her thorough goodness made an indelible mark upon the lives of those privileged children.

Tuesday, May 5, 1942 Pleasant

Friends and relatives of two of the graduates of Holy Cross College gathered here today to honor their young men who have just completed the college course. There were 25 people in one party and 14 in the other group.

Wednesday, May 6, 1942 Pleasant

Home town folks were guests today when 63 women from the town of Sudbury belonging to the Woman's Club came to the Inn for their annual luncheon. Luncheon was followed by a business meeting and the singing of patriotic songs. Practically all in this group knew the Inn well and felt very much at home.

Thursday, May 7, 1942 Rain

For two nights we have had the pleasure of having Mr. James Sheldon and his sister, Adelaide, as guests. They are charming elderly people who live at 640 Park Avenue, New York, and spend their summers in Maine. They have travelled all over the World and Mr. Sheldon is an exceptionally fine story teller. Consequently we have had two most enjoyable evenings hearing humorous incidents about the negroes, the French people and Britishers. Both Mr. and Miss Sheldon are art patrons and have contributed generously towards the National Cathedral in Washington and Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York. They have paid for several stained glass windows in these churches. Today being a rainy day, our guests were confined most of the time to the indoors. Mr. Sheldon, however, put on a rain coat and rubbers and in the down-pour picked a small Wayside Inn lilac blossom to enclose in a letter which he was writing to an English refugee child far from her home. She is in Canada for the Duration.

Friday, May 8, 1942 Partly cloudy

The Inn was a busy place today with several small groups coming for luncheon or dinner. By small groups we mean eight or ten or twelve. At this time of year these groups are apt to appear without previous reservations and are generally made up of college graduates with their families or little club groups ending their social year. On Friday our guests feel especially privileged in being able to see the dancing classes. This evening practically every dinner party adjourned to the Ball room.

Saturday, May 9, 1942 Pleasant

This was one of our large Saturdays with three big groups scheduled. First were thirty-seven boys from St. Patricks School in Lowell who had luncheon on the porch at noon time. They also were conducted through the Inn and for a group of lively young boys, behaved remarkably well. They were genuinely interested in the story of the house and asked many intelligent questions. Late afternoon and we were busy welcoming eighteen women from Wellesley college who came to do English ~~Contra~~ Country dancing. They are faculty members who practise dancing through the Winter months then have their final meeting at the Inn. Tea was served at five o'clock after which a fine exhibition of the old English dances took place in the large Ball room. Later in the evening, after having dinner, another group of dancers from Lincoln and Weston used the Ball room. These were 30 young couples who have met regularly through the Winter to do old fashioned American dancing. Mr. Haynes was here to direct them and Mrs. Hoppin, the former Miss deMille and a friend, furnished music. We looked in on them at one time and seldom have seen more enthusiastic gaiety. The women were dressed in cotton peasant dresses with gay colored pinafores and bri ht skirts. They danced with great ease and livliness and were thoroughly familiar with all the steps.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, May 10, 1942 — Very Pleasant

A very fine Spring morning ushered in Mother's Day with birds singing, the grass green and lilacs in bloom. During the day, while many mothers were eating their dinner in our dining room as guests of loving sons and daughters, we thought about mothers of a hundred years ago. Here in our old kitchen are many silent reminders of those mothers of long ago; women who spent practically all of their time in the kitchen. Very few ever ate a meal away from home. What a rare treat when the carry all was loaded with the whole family and a visit made to cousin John's! Even then pies were baked and cookies made and carried along too! Almost never did a Colonial mother get away from her own cooking; from the heavy daily chores of her own home. In those days helpful little hands expressed love and devotion. When the question was asked, "What can we do for Mother?", the answer would be: "Churn the butter or spin the flax!" Love for the mother was shown by countless daily tasks. Everyone shared in making the burden easier and in this way the bond of family life was strengthened. Let us not honor our mothers during just one day, but as in olden times, perform the numerous thoughtful duties every day which we know will please her. "Mother's Day" is not a glamorous sentimental day. It is only a reminder.

Monday, May 11, 1942 — Pleasant

A distinguished looking gentleman approached the Inn this afternoon and announced himself as Mr. Charles Hammond Gibson. He is a writer of poetry and a man of wealth. In Mr. Lemon's time, Mr. Gibson stayed here for days. He spoke of our garden wall and how the bricks for it were taken from the old Beebe house at 30 Beacon Street, Boston. It was a house built on the site of the famous old Hancock house. When the state wanted the property, Mr. Pierson Beebe let Mr. Lemon have some of the old bricks. Mr. Gibson is quite a character and said he thought it would be appropriate if some flowers were sent to his funeral from the Wayside Inn garden. He wants to come for a longer stay and asked the price of rooms.

Tuesday, May 12, 1942 — Pleasant

(continued next page)

(continued)

Tuesday, May 12, 1942

The picture shows recent visitors from nearby Framingham. They were treated to luncheon here by a kind lady friend and afterwards made a call on the baby lambs in the barn.

Wednesday, May 13, 1942 Pleasant

For several years past, the Grafton Women's Club have held their annual luncheon here. Today they came, 41 in number, and ate luncheon on the porch - after which they adjourned to the Ball room for a meeting.

Bird lovers around the Inn have decided that this is an oriole season. Several families of Baltimore orioles have been seen. We hear their fine song every morning early and all through the day. There is one nest in a tree close to the Inn - and another in the branch of a tree which shadows Dutton Road.

Thursday, May 14, 1942 Pleasant

This being the last day before Gas rationing begins it was as if everyone in Massachusetts wanted to see the Wayside Inn or to have a meal here before a long Summer of staying at home begins. At least

(continued next page)

Thursday, May 14, 1942 (continued)

this is what is anticipated and a last "fling" of motoring is taking place. Thirty-five women, wives of Army officers stationed at Camp Devens, motored here at noon time and enjoyed luncheon. Also a trip through the house. Most of the women were far from home; many have travelled all over the world. Therefore, the Inn itself was of particular interest. "May we come again and bring our husbands?" they asked.

In the evening a group of thirty-five people from the town of Westboro who are members of the Thursday Club, held their final dinner of the season here. They are elderly people who gather together for evenings of a social and literary nature. Mrs. Dr. Ayers, a member of the Club and a frequent Inn visitor, tonight presented us with a copy of the Garden and Home Builder for July 1926. This is almost a priceless gift because the magazine is out of print and it contains much valuable material concerning the Inn. In fact this whole issue of the magazine is devoted to the Inn, the Garden, the Furniture, the architecture of the house etc.

In a small private party this evening we discovered Mrs. T. A. Raman, wife of a well known lawyer of India. She wore a sari and although a French-Swiss by birth, she has adopted most of the customs of her husband's country. Sometime soon she and her husband will go to Dearborn to present Mr. Ford with a spinning wheel used by Mahatma Ghandi. Mrs. Raman was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Basil Matthew, Mr. Matthew being one of the best known authorities on India. His book "India Reveals Herself" was awarded a Carnegie medal as being the most balanced interpretation of India. Mr. Matthew is at present lecturing at Boston University on "World Relations". He is an Englishman, teacher at Oxford University and previous to coming to this country was connected with the Ministry of Information in London. "I guess I'm here for the Duration", he said and explained the difficulties of getting back to England until the War is over.

Friday, May 15, 1942 Pleasant

Today we have experienced something unparalleled in the history of the Wayside Inn - a dropping off of guests due to gasoline rationing. Owners of automobiles in Massachusetts are not allowed more than three gallons of gasoline a week for pleasure driving. This has put thousands of motorists off the road. There were a few people who came. Those who have A rationing cards are given an unlimited supply for use in essential business or for emergency purposes. Doctors, nurses, ministers come under the latter classification. This allotment will continue until the first of July when it is expected that a better adjustment can be made. Bus service continues and it is expected that many of our guests will arrive by this means. Trains are running too and a town taxi service has been started.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

(continued)

Saturday, May 16, 1942 Cloudy

Our chief topic of conversation today was the gas rationing. Mr. and Mrs. Kenny arrived with these words: "We wanted to show our loyalty to the Inn so came here for our last meal out!" Every time the Bus stops we peer out to see how many are getting off! Someone suggested that we are reviving an old custom - that of the landlord looking down the road in anticipation of guests arriving on the stage coach. We wondered if the Bowkers from Worcester would come as usual. Sure enough - they arrived on schedule with their accustomed gift of a dozen roses. "As long as we can save out two gallons of gas a week, we'll be here", said Mrs. Bowker.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, May 17, 1942 Pleasant

A month or two ago on a Sunday, we escorted a small group of Indiana people through the Inn. We learned that the men folks were taking a special training course at the plant of the General Electric Company in Lynn, Mass. Since then we have had a group of about six or eight from the same place every Sunday; all claiming Indiana as their home. Today the "people from Indiana" as we call them, arrived early in the afternoon, visited the Mill, Chapel and school house, then came in to the Inn for dinner. They had made the trip from Lynn by bus which meant several changes and took several hours enroute. They evidently felt, however, that the pleasure of seeing the Inn overshadowed any inconvenience involved.

Monday, May 18, 1942 Cloudy

Again tonight Mr. and Mrs. A. B. McKinnon stopped here for overnight on their way to Maine. For the past few months they have made the Inn their half-way stop between a new Maine farm and their home in Hartsdale, N. Y. Mr. McKinnon is giving up his position with the New York Times and is planning to retire to the farm. Next time will be their last move. "We'll be here bag and baggage", said Mr. McKinnon. The McKinnon's father, son and grandson are old Wayside Inn friends. They have been coming here for years.

Tuesday, May 19, 1942 Cloudy

Miss Fielding reports a recent guest who came here during college days at Harvard. He was a Mr. Bodman and told of walking from Cambridge to meet other college friends for a cozy supper at the Inn. When he arrived, he found his friends already here. Among them was the present Attorney General of the United States - Francis Biddle.

A teacher group from Marlboro, numbering 22, were served dinner this evening. All were graduates of the Framingham Normal School.

Wednesday, May 20, 1942 Fog

Several around the Inn are watching the birds and have their own special pets. For instance one of the girls in the pantry is much interested in a flicker. On a recent afternoon she saw him working feverishly. He was tapping a tiny hole in a tree - trying to make it larger. Small chips and sawdust flew out as he worked his way in. Finally the hole was

(continued next page)

Wednesday, May 20, 1942 (continued)

large enough - the flicker disappeared. Then a thorough house cleaning began. More chips and dirt came flying out. The flicker is now comfortably settled in his new home. A hostess has her pet Grackle family. She sees them every day on the lawn; mother and three babies. The mother leads the procession, digs for a worm and then tosses it back to the baby on her right. Another worm and she tosses it to the child on her left. The third little bird generally gets left out - so he decided to dig a worm for himself. Mother was patient. She let him dig, but hovered around to make sure no harm came to him. Guests have reported a number of Black Herons near the Hagar Pond and several Wood Ducks have been seen. Frequently we hear the call of a pheasant.

Thursday, May 21, 1942 Fog

We said good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Morse today and are sorry to have them go. They have been here since March 26th while fixing over an old house in Sudbury. Early every morning they would start off for their house to supervise carpenters, electricians and men working to make the place livible. Then the Morses would not return 'till late afternoon. In the evenings we had many friendly chats. Often they spoke to other guests and made themselves very much at home. We will miss the Morses and count them among our best Wayside Inn neighbors. Lately there have been several new neighbors, who are fast becoming friends. Dr. and Mrs. Gross, for instance, who bought the Pearmain place and a Mr. and Mrs. Breed who are young people and live in a little house over the hill towards Framingham.

Friday, May 22, 1942 Fog

We were very much pleased today to see our old friend George of the Grey Line. He is George Pearson who writes poetry and was formerly a teacher of Dramatics. We don't dare say just how many years George has been lecturing for the Grey Line Tours or how many years he has been coming to the Inn - but he is a very, very old Inn firend. He knows as much as anybody about Boston history and tells it in an entertaining way. We know too, that George has a large and kind heart. He has told us - or we have heard in a round about way - of many little kindnesses he has performed to passengers and friends. The Grey Line, however, doesn't expect to run a trip to the Inn after June 1st. It is hard to picture our Summer without George and the Grey Line, but they are among the several pleasant associations we must give up for the Duration.

(continued next page)

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Saturday, May 23, 1942 Cloudy

Today, two of our guests arrived on bicycles. David hated to forego "hamburgers" at home, but sister Helen prevailed upon him to visit the Inn. He was not disappointed, however, because he saw here so many of the things he had "studied in the 2nd grade" - he is now in the 6th. Both children thought the "roasting jack" in the old kitchen a "very ingenious device". They wandered over the Inn for several hours and ate their sandwiches in the garden, "but cleaned up all the mess", they hastened to assure us.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, May 24, 1942 Pleasant

Men in uniform are no longer a rarity. We see them almost every day; army officers in olive drab and boys in navy blue. A woman dressed in uniform is still an unusual sight, however. We see them around the city - but seldom in the country. We were rather surprised therefore, when one of our overnight guests appeared this morning in a trim neat uniform with heavy leather belt and other fittings of the defense service. She was Mrs. L. E. Perry who came with Miss Elizabeth Cochran.

Tonight we welcomed our friend Mr. Lawrence Dame, writer and explorer. He pedalled from Boston on "Rozy" - a bicycle as much travelled as her owner. "Rozy" was parked under a tree while Mr. Dame brought in his overnight kit and tiptoed to Edrehi room for a night's lodging. The evening was spent in hearing Mr. Dame tell of his latest experiences as an agent in Lisbon, Portugal. Here he helped all sorts of refugees, men - women and children and of all nationalities; many Germans. Next he expects to be commissioned as an officer in the aviation corps and will do observation work in China. We were pleased to have a glimpse of Mr. Dame in-between such thrilling adventures.

Monday, May 25, 1942 Partly cloudy

"It never rains but it pours" - so today we seemed deluged with notable and interesting people. First to appear was Mr. Samuel Chamberlain - the man who published the popular book which we have on sale called "The Wayside Inn - A Camera Impression". Mr. Chamberlain had his camera under his arm and wanted to take a picture of the Chapel. "I want to put it into my next year's calendar", he informed us. The calendar is one which Mr. Chamberlain produces every year around Christmas time. It is filled with lovely pictures of old New England landmarks. Mr. Chamberlain stayed for luncheon and was soon afterwards on his way to Bennington, Vermont. His home is in Marblehead, Mass., and he teaches at the Mass. Institute of Technology.

Next came a fine looking man who wanted to buy a set of post cards. "I was here for dinner the other evening" - he said - "and I am coming again sometime to make a painting of the Inn". This excited our interest and we learned that our guest is Mr. Lane Newberry painter of historic American houses and a mural painter. For a long time he talked about modern painting and painters and told us that in his own home he has built an "old" kitchen very much like the one here.

About two o'clock in the afternoon the Boston bound bus stopped and one passenger - a lone soldier - stepped off. He came slowly into the Inn - put his name in our guest book and then pointed to his address: "See where I'm from?" We looked and saw "Dearborn, Michigan" - the name Robert Holmes.

(continued next page)

Monday, May 25, 1942 (continued)

Holmes worked for three summers as a guide in Greenfield Village. His father is a doctor. The boy is now attached to the U. S. Medical Corps and stationed at Camp Knox. An insane patient who needed an attendant to bring him to the Worcester State Hospital was the reason for Holmes being in this vicinity. "I was sitting in the Worcester station when I suddenly realized that I must be near the Wayside Inn. I made inquiries and jumped on the first bus." he said.

Tonight we entertained 83 members of the Newman Club from Marlboro as dinner guests.

Tuesday, May 26, 1942 Pleasant

This noon time a jolly group of 14 women arrived on the regular Boston-Worcester bus. They had previously made a reservation for luncheon and were soon seated at one long table in the dining room. Place cards were made by hand. One clever lady Mrs. Gorham W. Harris, had painted a rollicking baby lamb on each card - suggestive of our Mary Lamb School house. And the name on each was Mary - Mary Jones or Mary Brown etc. After luncheon the women lingered at the table and played games which required pencils and paper - further suggesting Mary and the school house.

Wednesday, May 27, 1942 Pleasant

Two lovely young girls came on the Grey Line Bus today and became tremendously enthused about the Inn. It seems that a brother of one of the girls is in the army and stationed in Boston. The girls work in Chicago; clerical work. They are spending their vacations near the brother and are trying to see all that Boston has to offer in the way of sightseeing. They became enthused about the Inn. We became enthused about them. They were clean-cut, wholesome girls and genuinely interested in learning something about this part of the country. One of them, Miss Edna Hoffman, likes to write poetry. S he wrote verses when in High School and in spare time - likes to compose. One interested English teacher recommended Edna for membership in the Poetry Club of Chicago. She made the grade - which reminds us that we will miss many such interesting people when the Grey Line sightseeing buses cease to operate the first of June.

Thursday, May 28, 1942 Pleasant

For dinner this evening came a little woman with light bobbed hair. We noticed her tiny hands. They expressed an artistic nature and talent. It wasn't long before Mrs. Hemenway made herself known as the pianist in "Piano Miniatures" - a radio program sponsored last Summer by our Boston station WEEI. More recently the same program has been given from Connecticut. Mrs. Hemenway played a Mozart selection on our own little spinet in the Parlor. Her husband is famous also - or will be - when a History of England - upon which he is working - is published. The Hemenways were on their way to a Summer home in Biddeford Pool, Maine.

(continued next page)

(continued)

Friday, May 29, 1942 Pleasant

Mrs. E. Sohier Welch who is restoring the stenciling work on the floor of the Lafayette room, comes faithfully every morning to paint. She has given us a lot of information about the early painters who went from town to town with their patterns and asked housewives to choose which pattern they would like for a wall or floor. The name of the man who stenciled the Lafayette floor is not known. He traveled extensively, however, for his patterns are found in old houses in other parts of Massachusetts and as far north as Kennebunkport, Maine. Mrs. Welch has a floor in her own house painted by the same man who did our floor. He worked between the years 1790 and 1820.

Saturday, May 30, 1942 Pleasant

MEMORIAL DAY

Long shadows crept across the lawn as this lovely May holiday came to a close. And as we watched the sun go down, we thought of the Bertram Littles. They started sometime this morning from their home in Brookline, walked to the Bus - changed buses at Park Square - jogged twenty miles in a stuffy, hard-riding motor coach and finally arrived here in the early afternoon. Then we remembered the two young men who reached here at 5 o'clock after a bicycle trip of fifteen miles. They changed clothes, ate dinner, changed to bicycle togs again and started off for the last ten miles of their journey. All of our old friends came today; the Bowkers, Crocketts, Colbys and Mr. and Mrs. Furuy. They stayed a long time and everyone said that a special amount of gasoline had been saved for a holiday visit at the Wayside Inn. The Littles were last seen waiting near the road for the return bus. They waved a goodbye. Someone else clasped our hand in an honest-to-goodness handshake and a word of genuine appreciation resounded in our ears. It was long after dark when the last member of the family said "goodnight". All had left the impression that they were going from one home to another.

Sunday, May 31, 1942 Very Pleasant

Yesterday and today have been filled with holiday business. Yesterday a 50th wedding anniversary was celebrated. Mr. and Mrs. George E. Martel of Marlboro - married May 30, 1892 - were given a party by members of their family and friends numbering 40 in all. Mrs. Martel was the first pupil to register at St. Annes Academy in Marlboro 54 years ago and Mr. Martel has been associated with civic affairs in Marlboro all his life. The couple have five children, fifteen grandchildren and one great grandchild, all of whom were present today.

Overnight guests were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Delafield Phelps, he the former husband of Muriel Vanderbilt. The papers state that Mr. Phelps was married yesterday to Miss Harriet Dean Jackson - widely known as a skier. She was chosen for the American Olympic team for the Norway games and in 1937 she was a member of an American skiing team that toured Europe. Hostesses report that the bride was a beautiful, tall girl dressed in exquisite taste.

Today we were glad to see Mr. and Mrs. Charles Whiteside, one of our own Chapel wedding couples who were married October 18, 1941. Mrs. Whiteside told of interesting work which she is doing. She is Chief Librarian for the 1st Corps Area of the Army and supervises the libraries of all camps in this area.

Monday, June 1, 1942 Very pleasant

We were surprised to see a Grey Line group approaching the Inn today after being told that Grey Line sight seeing buses would not run after June 1. Mr. Blakely, conductor, explained that the passengers came in a limousine. Grey Line tours will operate in the city of Boston, but instead of tourists riding in huge motor buses - old time carriages and stage coaches will be used. There were 64 people booked for the first days ride in horse drawn vehicles.

We wrote last week about two young ladies, the Misses Hoffman and Penning from Chicago, who are in Boston to be near Miss Hoffman's soldier brother. It will be remembered that the girls came last week on the Grey Line Bus tour. Today they returned - still very much enthused about the Inn. They brought bag and baggage and plan to stay two or three days. While here they want to absorb some of the typical New England atmosphere so generously provided by the Inn and its environs. Some day we may hear from Miss Hoffman as a poetess. She is a modest, sweet young lady full of life and ambition to write some really fine poetry.

(continued next page)

Tuesday, June 2, 1942 Cloudy

There is another family of Bowkers from Worcester of whom we are fond. They too grow roses and are interested in all sorts of worthwhile things - such as wood working and metal craftsmanship. At graduation time they are wont to fill their car with huge pink and white peonies and purple iris and bring them to the Inn. Whenever there is a special occasion to be celebrated in the family, a party is arranged here. And not infrequently do Mr. and Mrs. Harold S. Bowker come by themselves without anyone of their four boys. So today we were not surprised to see Mr. and Mrs. Bowker here for luncheon. They were celebrating their 29th Wedding anniversary.

Wednesday, June 3, 1942 Rain

It makes us very happy to receive letters of thanks and appreciation; more especially when they come from children. Recently a lovely letter has come from six little boys and girls of the Newhall School in Waltham. Enclosed was a picture of the group taken on the front step of the Inn. The letter begins this way:

> "We are sorry that we didn't send the picture sooner, but our teacher's brother-in-law went on a vacation.....we want to thank you for the lovely time we had. Our teacher planned to take a few more children to Wayside Inn but she can't get enough gas to get there....The people at Wayside Inn made us so welcome that we wish we could have stayed a while longer."

Thursday, June 4, 1942 Cloudy

The Arlington, Massachusetts, Ministers' Association, numbering seven ministers and their wives held a luncheon here today. Among those present was Rev. John N. Mark, a Scotsman who made a lot of humorous remarks as the party were conducted through the Inn. When the Bible was mentioned and the hostess called attention to the fact that in the old days marriages, births and deaths were recorded in the family bible, Mr. Mark asked: "Do you know what marriages, births and deaths are called in the old country?" The answer: "Hatches, Matches and Dispatches."

Friday, June 5, 1942 Cloudy

Mr. John S. Whittemore, a Wayside Inn friend of long standing has sent a pamphlet on "Patriotism" published by his company..Eastern Commercial Travellers. It contains Historic Messages and Heroic Memories. Some of the most famous of patriotic sayings in American History are incorporated...making it a fine reference book to have on our table at this time. For instance, the drawing up and adoption of the Declaration of Independence is explained; the Munroe Doctrine is quoted in full, the American's Creed is given and the U. S. Army rules for displaying the flag are listed. Questions which can be answered by this little book are constantly being asked by our guests as they discuss various phases of the War in the Bar-room of this two and one-half century old Inn.

(continued next page)

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Saturday, June 6, 1942 Cloudy

We are becoming greatly enthused over the stencilling work which Mrs. Welch is restoring on the floor of the Lafayette room. We have expressed a desire to learn more about it; how it was done and by whom. So Mrs. Welch kindly offered to loan us a book on the subject. We have it at hand and would like to quote from Page 30. The book is called Early American Stencils on Walls and Furniture and is beautifully illustrated. The author- Janet Waring.

"At Ashfield, Mass., are walls where there can be no doubt as to the identity of the artist...In this old house five rooms painted by Lydia Eldridge Williams tell of her liking for decoration and of her perserverance in a monumental task....We ask - what was the connection between the stencilled tulip she used and an identical pattern still dimly seen on the floor of a small bedroom adjoining the Lafayette room at the Wayside Inn, Sudbury? Over the stencilled pattern in the Tavern I placed a tracing taken directly from the walls done by Lydia Williams and in scale and design they were practically alike. Did she on some momentous visit to Sudbury, copy it (the distance was a drive of eighty miles), did she merely spend a night at the Inn on her way to Boston - or was the drawing brought to her by some "travelled friend", who knew her fondness for ornament? Perhaps the pattern came to Ashfield by the medium of an itinerant peddler; if this were the case, the floor at Sudbury and the walls at Ashfield could easily be contemporary."

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, June 7, 1942 Rain

About 11 o'clock this morning there appeared a little company of negro boys; all blind. They were from the New York Institute for Education of the Blind. Yesterday they competed with students at the Perkins Institute for the Blind in a track meet. The New York boys won - and today were on their way home accompanied by a teacher. He told us that the boys carry on several sports and have won the Westchester County championship in wrestling. The boys were very much interested in the Inn. They touched practically every utensil in the old kitchen - and ran their hands over chairs and tables to get the "feel" of the wood and the size and shape of the article. In the Parlor they listened attentively to a description of the clock, coat-of-arms and other things mentioned by Longfellow. When the spinet was described, the boys asked one of their number to play. He was blind too, but he played with ease and expression. Later on the same boy played again on the piano in the Ball-room. The school is non sectarian and is supported by private donations with some help from the state of New York. All kinds of school activities are provided for children of pre-kindergarten age through High School.

A Chaplain from Fort Devens brought 46 soldiers here this evening to see the house and grounds. They were on their way back to camp after a day spent in Plymouth, Mass.

Monday, June 8, 1942 Very pleasant

In spite of the gasoline shortage we are having guests from all parts of the country - many of whom are soldiers and sailors. The register book shows that recent guests have come from the following states:

Wyoming	Michigan	Arkansas
Texas	Illinois	Wisconsin
New York	Tennessee	Oregon
California	Virginia	Florida

Tuesday, June 9, 1942 Pleasant

Last week we wrote about the Misses Hoffman and Penning who were here for a few days from Chicago. We said that Miss Hoffman was a promising young poetess and that we expected to hear great things about her at some future time. The future time came sooner than we anticipated for we heard from her today. And the great things are her poems - a few of which she enclosed. For one so young (about 21 or 22 years) and for one who has educated herself (High School and Business School) we think the poems are remarkable. She is modest and wrote in her letter: "I told you I was not really a poet - rather a versifier aspiring to poetry (when I "grow up" - when my feelings deepen and my vocabulary matures) so do not expect too much". Anyway here are some samples of Edna Hoffman's work:

(continued next page)

Tuesday, June 9, 1942 (continued)

Likeness

I hope you feed the birds in spring
Birds would love you so
I hope you keep a garden too
Where pale blue lilacs grow.

I hope you laugh at squirrels sometimes
And scold the wayward wind.
Somehow I think your gentleness
With Nature is a-kinned.

Reserve

I store what pretty sights I see
Safe inside the heart of me
For homely times when I am sad;
Then inside me makes outside glad.

Wednesday, June 10, 1942 Pleasant

Twenty students from the 6th grade of the Sudbury Center school chose to come to the Inn for their annual outing. They arrived this afternoon with picnic lunches strapped to their bicycles. Most of them pedalled over the road and were feeling pretty warm after the ride. Supper was enjoyed in the shade of a tree near the Redstone School House. For several hours they were seen in and around the Inn and started off towards home in the early evening.

Thursday, June 11, 1942 Pleasant

School children from Medfield, Mass - grade 5 - came early this morning to see the house. They were conducted through by Miss Fisher.

This evening we enjoyed the second annual party for children of the Redstone and Southwest schools. This party is really the final session of the weekly dancing classes. The children arrive in their best clothes and execute the dances to perfection while proud parents look on. Ice cream and cake are served and the event is one of great excitement for the children. Little girls with curls and pink hair ribbons bow to their partners in dark blue coats, short white trousers and socks. A three piece orchestra furnished music.

The Senior class of the Boys School, 7 boys, together with Mr. and Mrs. Sennott, Mr. and Mrs. Young, Mrs. Edwards and the school instructors - all came to the Inn this evening for a final get-together dinner. They were served at one table on the Porch.

(continued next page)

Thursday, June 11, 1942 (continued)

An R. A. F. flyer was among dinner guests this evening. We learned that his home is in Coventry, England and his name - Geffren Burchell-Crookes. He is training at an air drome in Canada. A proud Aunt who lives in Boston, introduced him as her "sister's boy." And she has a right to be proud; the boy was fine looking, blond, quiet, polite and modest.

Friday, June 12, 1942 Very warm

Following their marriage five years ago, a Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Tracy came to the Inn. Every anniversary since has been spent here - and today marks the date of this event. Mr. and Mrs. Tracy, looking as fresh and young as on their wedding day, arrived early this evening. Their home is in Foxboro, Mass. They are tall and good looking and we consider them important members of the large Wayside Inn family.

Three students, brothers, from Atlantic Union College, Lancaster, Mass. came to see the Inn this afternoon. Their home is in Bermuda.

Saturday, June 13, 1942 Very warm

The Carrolls are a lovely family from Nyack, New York and have been here several times during the past four years. There are four daughters; two older girls and two little girls. The little girls are fond of kittens and almost every time they come here, a kitten is carried home. We have kittens, at the Mill and around the farm and there is usually one to spare. Last time the kitten was named Charlie. Today little Miss Carroll adopted another and decided to call him Henry Longfellow. One of the older Carroll girls is in this year's graduating class at Wellesley College. This event occasioned their visit and we are all sharing in the excitement and pleasure of a sweet girl graduate.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, June 14, 1942 Pleasant

Our first war wedding took place in the Martha-Mary Chapel this morning at nine-thirty o'clock. A typical war romance began when Frederick Collins, Private 1st class, arrived at Fort Devens, Mass. from Ashtabula, Ohio. He met Ruth Eileen McFarland in Fitchburg, a nearby city. The couple saw the Inn and the Chapel several weeks ago. They decided to be married here. The Rev. Leslie A. Barrett of the Congregational Church, Sudbury, was engaged to officiate. The day was very pleasant and the little company, six in all, arrived early. Hardly ever have we seen a sweeter bride. She was pretty as a picture, dressed modestly in a white dress and white hat with short white veil. The young man is in the medical corps. After the ceremony a Wedding dinner was served on the Porch. We arranged a special bouquet for the table and decorated with flowers, the wedding cake. There in the noon-day sun sat six happy people; perhaps happiest and yet saddest of all was the grown-up boy in khaki.

At noon time our good friends the Crocketts celebrated their 18th wedding anniversary. The party had been arranged in advance and a cake was made with the dates 1924 - 1942 in pink thereon. One of the waitresses provided place cards, the hostesses supplied candy, Miss Fisher contributed a card upon which she painted the Chapel in pure white on a green background. It was a beautiful card, a simple party and the Crocketts enjoyed it ever so much. They are happy with any little extra attention we can show them.

A fresh-out-of-college girl brought her parents over from Wellesley this evening to see the Inn. The father was particularly impressed with the house and all it stands for. "You know, I've never seen this kind of thing before. I'm from Dallas, Texas, and this is my first visit to New England," he said. We thought of him back there, working making sacrifices during a long four years in order that daughter might attend a New England school. This was the event of a lifetime; graduation day. We talked about Longfellow and the Revolutionary War; Ezekiel Howe and the early pioneer spirit - unfamiliar music to the ears of this very interested guest from the Lone Star State.

Monday, June 15, 1942 Cloudy

Sixteen ministers and their wives enjoyed luncheon today and afterwards held a meeting in the Ballroom. They were Baptist ministers who have organized themselves into a C. C. Club. We haven't found out, in all the years they have been coming here, just what the C. C. stands for.

(continued next page)

Monday, June 15, 1942 (continued)

Hostesses and waitresses are using a Textone Lotion sent to them by a recent guest, Mr. Weldon Larrabee. Mr. Larrabee is from Hollywood, California, and is the owner of a large greeting card business besides making a few special cosmetics. Part of Mr. Larrabee's amusing letter which accompanied the lotion is as follows. "The sending of the Textone Lotion is not to infer that any of you need anything to enhance your attractiveness - but it is sent simply with the thought of preserving it. Mr. Ford has taken steps to preserve the beauties of the Wayside Inn, and now I come along to preserve the beauty of the beauties of the Wayside Inn,....All of you are so nice to me when I am there that I, at least, want to send you a token of my appreciation for your kindness and thoughtfulness."

Tuesday, June 16, 1942 Cloudy, cold

Six Methodist ministers found the Inn a convenient place to meet this morning and stayed for luncheon. Each one handed us his card. We were impressed with this message on the card of the Rev. Henry I. Bailey, Fitchburg, Mass.

"If I can render any service of comfort or genuine helpfulness, I shall be happy to do so. I shall count it a favor to be called upon either for yourself or for another whenever you deem my assistance needed. To this end your co-operation is desired that our church may be really helpful.

Not to be ministered unto but to minister."

Graduation activities have started at the Boys School. Tonight the annual Senior Class Banquet was held at Dutton Lodge.

Wednesday, June 17, 1942 Cloudy, cold

The Graduation Ball of the Boys school was held in the large Ballroom this evening. It is one of those events which every year we exclaim is "The best ever!". Tonight's dance we can honestly say was one of the very best. The girls looked charming in their long dresses and not often does one see such a fine looking, well mannered group of boys. The whole affiar was dignified, yet a spirit of informality prevailed. A few old graduates of the school returned with wives or sweethearts and several of the Inn neighbors looked on. There was Mrs. Staples, the Bowens and Mr. & Mrs. Geehan. Near them sat the chaperones for the occasion, Mr. and Mrs. Sennott and Mr. and Mrs. Young. An orchestra furnished music and ice cream and cake were served.

(continued next page)

Thursday, June 18, 1942 Partly cloudy

Graduation exercises for all three Wayside Inn schools were held this evening in the Martha-Mary Chapel. We were pleased to see there Mr. and Mrs. Hoppin (Muriel de Mille) and more Wayside Inn neighbors. In fact the Chapel was filled with relatives and friends of the graduating classes. The usual awarding of diplomas took place. Singing and recitations were enjoyed. Miss Joyce from the Child Guidance Division of the Massachusetts Public Welfare Department was the speaker. Most thrilling part of the program was the presentation of a service flag. This was given by the 1942 class of the Boys School in honor of former members of the school who are serving in our fighting forces. The flag shows one large dark blue star and underneath it the number thirty-six (36). Mr. Young explained that every boy represented on the flag was a volunteer.

And speaking of Wayside Inn School boys in the service of our country, we were very much pleased to learn that when a service flag was dedicated at the First Church, Congregational, in Marlboro recently, nineteen Wayside Inn boys were among the twenty-five men of the church who have gone to the War.

Friday, June 19, 1942 Pleasant

Practically all of our guests these days are in one way or another associated with the War effort. Very often a visit to the Inn is occasioned directly or indirectly by the War. For instance we entertained a Missionary group recently. These ladies have been living until recently in Japan or China. Their husbands are now out of the missionary field due to the war. The husband of one of the ladies is interned in Manila, another is still in China, while the third missionary - one whose home and life work has been in Japan - is now in the U. S. Marine Corps. He will eventually be called upon to fight the Japanese. This of course makes for an anomalous situation. The wives (our guests) are in Boston for the Duration and are taking advantage of this opportunity to do some sight-seeing at Home.

Saturday, June 20, 1942 Pleasant

Letters asking for reservations continue to arrive. One such as this was received in this morning's mail. It is from Miss Mary C. Millanette of the Rochester Trust and Safe Deposit Company, Rochester, New York. In it she says, "In about a month or so, we are planning to visit in Massachusetts, and would like to include your very popular and renowned Inn on our

(continued next page)

Saturday, June 20, 1942 (continued)

list of famous and good places to eat." Very often the letters mention the gasoline rationing such as this one from Mrs. Harold F. Paul, Rochester, New York. "Next month I expect to be in Boston - but due to the gas ration will travel by bus --- the reason I am writing is to find out if there is a bus that goes from Boston directly to the Inn - and then is there a way that we can get back to the Bus headed westward."

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, June 21, 1942 Rain

Summer greeted us not very pleasantly with dark clouds and rain a good part of the day. In spite of this, a large number of guests were served dinner and many came to see the house. Among our guests was Mr. Burton Holmes, famous world traveller and lecturer, For many years we have heard of Burton Holmes' illustrated travel talks. He gives them in all the large cities, Boston, New York, Chicago, etc. After dinner we had a chance to ask Mr. Holmes to register in our Special Guest Book, and he told us that, weather permitting, he would come to the Inn again some time during the week to take pictures. At present he is "doing" New England and will incorporate the Inn in his lecture. He looked as we have often seen him pictured - a strong face with a now famous goatee.

Monday, June 22, 1942 Partly cloudy

Teachers of the Hildreth Street School in Marlboro honored a retiring teacher this evening with a party on the porch of the Inn. About five o'clock a few of the teachers arrived carrying a mahogany card table and a large white lamp, gifts for Miss Eagan. Practically everyone in Marlboro knows Miss Maud Eagan who has taught the First Grade for 50 years. Mr. deBairos, one of our watchmen, was in her first class and his grown up children were also in her school. Miss Eagan is a lovely looking person with snow white hair and gentle features. We can easily imagine her love for the little tots and her regret at reaching the retiring age. She was taking it all very philosophically, however, and joked about retiring while she was still in possession of all her teeth!

Tuesday, June 23, 1942 Cloudy

Our friend, Mr. Edward H. Richards of Exeter, N. H., dropped in this afternoon just for a chat. He does so once in a while and we are always glad to see him. He is the man who writes poetry and claims to have written some well known poems credited to other poets; "The House by the Side of the Road" and "Trees" - for instance. Today he handed us one of his poems inspired by the war, a part of which we will quote:

(continued next page)

Tuesday, June 23, 1942 (continued)

I'll never be a sailor,
Because I do not think
That I could be on water,
An never take a drink.

An' I ain't no landlubber,
For raisin' wheat and corn;
To git up in the starlight
At tootin' of a horn.

So I must be a rover,
An' tramp from door to door,
An' thank 'um for a handout,
As hoboes have before.

An' take things pretty easy,
An' keep within the law;
My country is in danger, -
And she must win the war.

Wednesday, June 24, 1942 Very pleasant

Every now and then a Mrs. Williams comes from Milford, Mass. and urges us to see her painting of the Inn done by Childe Hassam. The painting is in Mrs. William's home and is undoubtedly a fine piece of work. Childe Hassam was a famous artist who died only a few years ago. The picture interests us because the artist scratched his name on a window pane in the Parlor of the Inn. When he came here to make the picture he evidently took a diamond and engraved his autograph on the glass. The glass is a precious possession and some day we hope to see the painting.

Thursday, June 25, 1942 Pleasant

Two little girls arrived shortly after noon time and told us that they had come from Ashland, Mass. on their bicycles. "Mother gave us the directions, we followed them and here we are!" they said.

Three Army officers with their families came in this afternoon to see the house. There were eight in the party including two small boys. They were from Duluth, Minnesota.

(continued next page)

Thursday, June 25, 1942 (continued)

The Newton Community Centre is on its summer schedule entertaining girls and boys from the slum districts every day. Today one of the directors br ught a little group of Italian girls to see the Inn.

Another party for a retiring school teacher was held here this evening. This time a Miss Mary Murphy was honored; she having taught school for 48 years. Dinner was served at one long table followed by singing around the piano.

Friday, June 26, 1942 Pleasant

This very fine sunny day brought Burton Holmes to the Inn again for his picture taking. Just as he arrived a car drove into the parking space and a sweet little girl hopped out. "Ah! my Mary!" exclaimed Mr. Holmes. He was referring of course to "Mary and her little lamb." Next on the program was to find a lamb. "There is one over in the field," someone suggested. So the little girl was enlisted as "Mary" and Mr. Holmes' cane employed as a staff for the shepherdess and the company carrying large cameras adjourned to the vicinity of the school house. Mr. Holmes sat in a shady spot on the front lawn and watched the camera men as they clicked pictures of the Inn, the Mill, the School and "Mary". Mary made a fine showing in a dainty summer dress and added much to the interest of the pictures. She will see herself next winter when Mr. Holmes comes to give his Golden Anniversary lecture in Symphony Hall, Boston. This is his 50th year of lecturing. He has travelled all over the world many times. In a quiet few minutes before luncheon our noted guest sat in a corner of the Bar room perusing the "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

Saturday, June 27, 1942 Pleasant

Every year an inventory of the books in our library needs to be taken and we are in the midst of this yearly task. The books are dusted, checked on author and subject cards, then arranged on shelves according to author. This year finds us with a few new additions to our collection. Among them -

Selections from the letters of Eliza Southgate Browne
A Girl's life eighty years ago.

Rhodes, Winfred - The Great Adventure of Living

Herrick, Robert - The Master of the Inn

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, June 28, 1942 Pleasant

We have heard of all kinds of hobbies, even to collecting milk bottles, but today we heard of a new one and one so fine and worthwhile we want to talk about it. The hobby is a Park It has been in the process of development for many years - by one single man. He is Mr. E. W. Field and his Park is in Brockton, Mass. "There are probably 1,000 people in swimming on my beach today," said Mr. Field. He beamed as he went on to tell about several artificial lakes, dams and waterfalls which he has built on the tract of 500 acres - "And I've kept it as natural and wild as possible," he added. There is a golf course and other sports, picnic tables and many places for rest and recreation. Ten thousand evergreen trees have been set out. The Park is without question the pride and joy of Mr. Field. He is now nearly 90 years old. Every summer we look forward to seeing this nice gentleman. He spends his winters in California.

Monday, June 29, 1942 Pleasant

Poets continue to find the Inn an inspiring place in which to write. Yesterday a poem called "The Birth of Patriotism" came forth from the pen of one John Badgley as he finished a visit through the house. He was the guest of a Mr. and Mrs. W. Spaulding and the poem is written as an expression of appreciation for a historic tour through Boston, Lexington and Concord. Here are Mr. Badgley's verses:

The Birth of Patriotism

When Pat came o'er across the sea from
bonnie England,
They said he was disloyal 'cause he
joined the rebel ranks
And fought for independence with his
brother minute-men.

From Hampshire-land, Connecticut, the
Grant of William Penn,
From Highland mountains of the south to
rock-strewn coasts of Maine,
They heeded old John Adams and they
followed Thomas Paine.

(continued next page)

Monday, June 29, 1942 (continued)

When these tri-cornered Concord men
rebuked their mother nation,
Parliament in spite of Burke, restricted
navigation,
And by his sovereign majesty determined
to suppress,
The rights of speech, assemblage, and
freedom of the press.

In opposition to this rule do you
think Pat sat quiet?
With gun in hand this minute-man
became our first Pat-riot!

Tuesday, June 30, 1942 Pleasant

This story begins in the Bar-room of the Inn on a night in the Autumn of 1940 when a guest, Mr. William G. Bryan of New York, entertained as a dinner guest one of the boys in our school, Mr. William Cash. They had something in common: newspaper work. Mr. Bryan was Editor and owner of the Greenwich Village (N.Y.) "Villager" - while William's greatest ambition was to be a newspaper reporter. William graduated from the school in June 1941. He took a three or four day vacation and went to New York. He hunted up Mr. Bryan's sister - now editor of "The Villager" because of the death of her brother in the early spring. Miss Bryan showed William Greenwich Village and arranged for him to be "taken out" to lunch. William returned to New England and since that time has had jobs in Boston and Hudson - in the latter place working in a defense plant. But now - thanks to Miss Bryan, - his real ambition has been fulfilled. A letter came, offering William a chance to work on "The Villager". "Am I thrilled about it?" asked William as he read us parts of the letter. "It (the letter) has been taken in and out of my pocket so many times it's nearly worn out!" Of course his salary will be smaller, we suggested. "Yes, but what do I care about that - as long as I can be in a newspaper office!" fairly shouted William. He leaves next week and we wish him all the good luck which he deserves.

(continued next page)

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Wednesday, July 1, 1942 Cloudy

We have a house guest, a Miss Elizabeth Graham, who is staying here for nearly two weeks while on a vacation from the New England Confectionary Co. in Cambridge. She is a middle-aged woman of quiet voice and manners and has settled down into the atmosphere of the Inn very easily. While taking a walk yesterday, Miss Graham happened to meet Bobbie and Jimmie Gould, young sons of Maisie Gould who works in our kitchen. The boys spoke of blueberries and told Miss Graham "of a place where there is good picking". Consequently Miss Graham, in cotton house dress, started off at an early hour this morning to meet Bobbie and Jimmie. She had a "date" to go blueberrying.

Thursday, July 2, 1942 Rain

Guests this evening were not numerous and everyone was intensely interested in the Inn. For instance, there was General Key and his wife and son from Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, now stationed at Fort Devens. "While in New England I'm going to make a business of visiting historical places," said Mrs. Key The General was a tall, good looking man and very jolly. He told several good stories to a Mr. and Mrs. Hayford who were here for overnight. The Hayfords enjoyed the Key family very much and also the Inn itself. Mrs. Hayford's father was a Universalist minister. She spent several years at Tufts College near Dr. McCollester and knows many of the Frater group who come here annually for their "Retreat." All of which makes us think that the Inn is so rich in history and association that it touches a responsive chord in the heart of practically everyone who comes - be he from East or West...rich man, poor man, merchant or chief.

Friday, July 3, 1942 Partly Cloudy

At a Cambridge celebration in 1902, Professor Getchel of Boston University, was appointed a sort of guide to show off the James Russell Lowell house, "Elmwood." Today Professor Getchel stood in the Bar-room and recalled some of his experiences at that time. "I studied up on the history of the house," he said," and used to stand on the door step to tell people about it. In the audience was Lowell's nephew. He came to me later and said that I knew more about the house than he did and he was born there!" Professor Getchel knew Miss Alice Longfellow and is a friend of Mr. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana.

(continued next page)

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Saturday, July 4, 1942 Pleasant

No glamorous celebration accompanied the arrival of this summer holiday. The 4th of July, 1942, will go down in the history of the Wayside Inn as a quiet, uneventful day. There was no flag waving or noise making. Without comment the hostesses pointed out Paul Revere prints showing British war ships in Boston Harbor. They called attention to a Revolutionary musket. Guests came in for dinner. There were several family parties. Friendly conversation took place. Yet underneath the surface of the day's business, two great words lay deep in our hearts "Patriotism" and "Independence". Not for 166 years has the meaning of these words been of such a serious nature; almost too sacred to mention. The only outward remark made, which in any way suggested what the day stands for and its relation to the Inn, came from the granddaughter of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow - Miss Ann Thorpe who stopped in for supper. She exclaimed, "What a nice way to celebrate the Birth of our Nation - by coming here!"

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, July 5, 1942 Pleasant

This was not the proverbial hot, sweltering 4th of July week-end. The house was comfortably cool. Many guests and hostesses too, remarked about the house, "Doesn't it look perfectly beautiful today?" There seemed to be a freshness through the rooms as summer breezes came in the tiny windows. Flowers added not a little to the charming atmosphere. Our garden flowers are numerous and today were supplemented with pink and yellow and white roses from the Bowker's garden. The Bowkers are still faithful about bringing their roses on Saturday evening. We exclaim over the beauty of the Crimson Glory and the Doctor rose. Gradually we are learning the names, - Sweetheart and Dainty Bess, Madame Butterfly and Hoover. The Tom Thumb's and Pixies make picture bouquets in their tiny vases. No wonder the house looked "perfectly beautiful" this summer holiday.

Monday, July 6, 1942 Warm

The writer remembers an old family Highboy in which pies were stored. The long deep drawers were filled with apple and mince pies in the fall of the year and kept in storage to be used through the winter months. Several guests have spoken of this custom; the making of dozens of pies, "to be kept on hand." Today a woman spoke of this same tradition and said that her grandmother often told a story about her father, who, when a boy, made a raid on her pie chest. He ate the mince meat from out all the mince pies! Not the crusts, mind you, but just the mince meat. Imagine grandmother's surprise when she went to the cupboard and found the nice-looking pie crusts with the "pie" part carefully removed!

Tuesday, July 7, 1942 Pleasant

A distinguished guest this evening was Miss Margaret G. Bondfield, member of the British Labor Party and now lecturing at Wellesley College. We didn't like to intrude on the party of which Miss Bondfield was a member so didn't have a chance to talk with her. She seemed to enjoy the Inn, however, and asked for a menu to take back to England. The Boston Herald has given exerpts from her Wellesley speeches and we find them very interesting. This little paragraph on the Peace we liked especially well. "It is not by hatred and exploitation that we can build the peace, but complementary to world economic cooperation - by the service for the common good of the common man."

(continued next page)

Wednesday, July 8, 1942 Pleasant

Briefs

The Reverend Robinette has two maidenly sisters, Martha and Mary. When Mary was asked where she would like to go for dinner she pleaded: "Do take me to the Wayside Inn. I must go there once again."

Hostess to guest: "We hope the gas rationing won't prevent you from coming again."

Guest: "Don't worry. I'll get here if I have to walk!"

Recent guests were two refugee girls of 'teen age. One of them was born in Indo China, the other in Palestine. Parents were missionaries. They told about canoing on the Red Sea.

We have been told that the gold eagle which tops the cupola of the old Lord Timothy Dexter House in Newburyport - a picture of which hangs in our Bar room - has been removed and the cupola painted a dull gray for the Duration.

From a letter written by a Wayside Inn friend in the service of his country, we wish to quote: "By now the Inn should be at its best with the grounds in full bloom and the hustle-bustle of guests roaming at large in the ghost laden rooms. I certainly miss it all; especially so, when I compare the quietness of it all with that of the clatter in the mess hall."

Thursday, July 9, 1942 Very pleasant

A New York car rolled into the parking space this afternoon and two gentlemen came hastily to the door. One of them was Mr. George Matthew Adams on his way to his summer home. He and his friend stopped for luncheon. They stayed only a short time afterward, but long enough for us to point out the Alphonse Legros etching of Longfellow presented to Mr. Ford by Mr. Adams. This is now hanging in the lower hall of the Inn and is much admired by artists and laymen alike. Mr. Adams paused for a moment in the parlor and spoke again of Longfellow and Whittier. He mentioned Whittier's poem, "Maud Muller." We were glad to have this brief visit from a man whom we know best through his writings - all of which are full of human interest and appeal.

(continued next page)

Friday, July 10, 1942 Pleasant

Yesterday we had one of those rare experiences which happens just once in a life time. It happened in the parlor of the Inn. Miss Marietta A. Ware, from East Sullivan, New Hampshire - 89 years old, recited a poem. Now many others have been inspired to recite poems in Longfellow's parlor, but to see this life long school teacher, in spite of her years, straight and vigorous - stand beside the sombre clock, was a very unusual treat. Her mind was clear as a bell. She made no formal announcement of her recitation, but simply asked: "Have you heard what Whittier wrote upon Longfellow's death?" Not waiting for an answer her voice, strong and clear was heard through the empty hallway; it was heard outside on the porch. Guests and pantry help, house man and hostesses dropped their work. One by one an audience assembled as Marietta began. She stood perfectly still with hands at her side, her head tilted slightly backwards. She looked at no one, but in her eyes one saw a reverence and love for the meaning of every word she spoke.

"Hushed now the sweet consoling tongue
Of him whose lyre the Muses strung;
His last low swan-song had been sung!

"His last! And ours, dear friend is near;
As clouds that rake the mountains here,
We too shall pass and disappear,

"Yet howsoever changed or lost,
Not even a wreath of mist is lost,
No atom can itself exhaust.

"So shall the soul's superior force
Live on and run its endless course
In God's unlimited universe.

"And we whose brief reflections seem
To fade like clouds from lake and stream,
Shall brighten in a holier beam."

Saturday, July 11, 1942 Pleasant

Those of us who carry on the daily, routine duties of this old Inn, might be called in this present war crisis the "forgotten people." In other words we are the common Americans. Our interpretation of events is not heard over any network. Our pictures do not appear in the newspapers for having helped certain war activities. We are not in truth, doing one important-

(continued next page)

Saturday, July 11, 1942 (continued)

sounding or glamorous thing. Yet "they also serve who only stand and wait." Yes, we are patiently waiting. We are performing our duties cheerfully. We are keeping the Inn stable and secure. To live normally while all around is turmoil and discord, to meet each new day as it comes with courage and dignity; this is our task.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, July 12, 1942 Warm

The tiny fingers of a child held fast to the edge of the hutch table in the Bar-room as the hostess explained the meaning of "hutch". "The word means hiding place," she said. The boy was intrigued with the mystery of a hiding place. He peered in to the hollow box. He looked at the large iron lock. In his hand he held a toy automobile. "Put that in there," he said. In this way our three hundred year old table was introduced to a miniature automobile of the 20th century. The automobile reposed in the hutch table while our young guest made a tour of the house.

Mr. J. P. Gilligan, for 29 years in the General Traffic Office of the Ford Motor Co. in Dearborn, was a dinner guest this noontime.

Monday, July 13, 1942 Very warm

We often think of the young Sicilian as he "leaned o'er the bridge of stone to watch the speckled trout glide by." We walk over the bridge nearly every day and with Longfellow's words in mind it is not difficult to visualize the scene he so beautifully describes in the Tales of a Wayside Inn. The other day we came upon a young man leaning o'er the bridge in the same manner. The young man was not with moustache "like swallow's wings", however. He was smooth shaven and had a worried expression on his face. As we approached he did not greet us in any formal manner but with these words: "I've just dropped my watch into the brook!" Soon he relieved himself of shoes and stockings. He waded into the brook ran his hands over the river bed and after five or ten minutes recovered the watch. It was a gold jeweled watch. "Guess I'll have to give this a good soaking in kerosene!" he said.

Tuesday, July 14, 1942 Very warm

"The more you learn about a thing the less you feel you know about it." So it is with antiques; glass, china, wooden ware and furniture. We study and study. Yet almost every day we have a question put to us which we simply cannot answer. Often the question is a very technical one. For instance today a Mr. Hobart Brockett of Clintonville, Connecticut asked us about Pad bits; what was the largest size made and how many constituted a set. He wanted to know if there is a set in the Museum at Dearborn. We didn't have the answers to these questions on the tip end of our tongue so promised to obtain the information and send it to him.

(continued next page)

Wednesday, July 15, 1942 Warm

The birds around the Inn continue to interest us and to bring us happiness. Luncheon and dinner guests are entertained by a flock of yellow warblers as they flutter through the trees near the dining-porch. Down by the brook we often see a brown and white speckled heron. He is apt to perch on a rail fence or on a rock in the middle of the stream. Being larger than most of the birds here he seems rather aloof - and proud of his long bill. We have noticed his ability to keep perfectly still for long minutes at a time. Then when he hears the slightest little noise, foreign to his ears, he will fly away, his wide wings flapping as he swoops down low over the water.

Thursday, July 16, 1942 Pleasant

The Inn made a pleasant setting for a small birthday party this evening. There were only three in the party to be exact; Captain Le Master, his wife and a lady friend. The three came from Fort Devens where the Captain is stationed, but their home is in Oklahoma. This was Mrs. Le Master's birthday and the Inn proved an interesting place to celebrate it. "I just can't believe this house is over 200 years old!" exclaimed Captain LeMaster. "Just think, Oklahoma was not made a state until 35 years ago. We don't have anything old out there!" Such remarks were made throughout the evening by all in the party. "I can't believe I'm here".....'Two hundred and fifty-six years old" ...."I've never seen anything so old." etc, etc.

A very nice couple, Mr. and Mrs. Huisking were overnight guests tonight and with them a small son. Mr. Huisking is New England representative of the Curtiss-Wright Airplane Co. and comes frequently from his home in New Haven, Conn. to the Watertown, Mass. arsenal. This was the Huiskings' first visit to the Inn and we learned that they collect antiques - in a small way, of course, but they are genuinely interested in old furniture. "I'm afraid you are going to have us as regular boarders," said Mr. H. "We shall want to stop here every time I come to Watertown."

Friday, July 17, 1942 Pleasant

We thought that the young Longfellow had come to life this afternoon when a tall youth walked into the bar-room. He wore side-burns and had a moustache. His well-shaped head and high forehead indicated more than average intellect and his small black bow tie made him appear as a young man of the 19th century. His voice was low, yet not feminine. He was genteel and polite. "I live in St Louis," he volunteered and told us that this was his first trip to New England. He was alone and on his way back west. He registered as Dr. M. P. Graffam.

(continued next page)

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Saturday, July 18, 1942 Fog, rain

A modestly dressed girl of about 18 years stod in front of the altar in the Martha-Mary Chapel today and sang very sweetly "O Promise Me." When she had finished the Reverend Mr. Hawley of Manchester, Vermont, entered. He was accompanied by the bridegroom, Mr. Bernice Wilcox, and a best man. To the strains of Lohengrin's wedding march, the bridesmaid, then the bride in white satin, came down the aisle on the arm of her father. The minister had been given special permission by the Governor of Massachsetts to come to this state to perform the ceremony. The "permission" was in the form of a large letter on which the state seal was placed and the Governor's signature. Following the ceremony the company of about one hundred friends and relatives came to the Inn for a reception. The bride is a Marlboro girl. The couple plan to live in Schenectady, New York, where the groom is employed by the General Electric Company.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, July 19, 1942 Very Warm

This day was a very busy one and many soldiers and sailors were to be seen among the guests. We discovered a Captain Henry Ford. Before the war Captain Ford was a school teacher in Oklahoma. He is now in the Field Artillery branch of theservice but could not disclose his station. When we asked his whereabouts he was apologetic and could not divulge that information; a military secret. His address, however, is APO 45, New York City. With Captain Ford were his wife and two children. They stayed around the house a good part of the afternoon following dinner in the old dining room.

Monday, July 20, 1942 Cooler

Three distinct types of culture, French, Dutch and English, have been woven around the history of New Paltz, New York - New York - according to one of our guests today, Rev. John Wright Follette - and we could easily imagine that the "three types" have all left their mark upon this man who is one of the town's direct descendants. His gestures were French and his name French; his appearance Dutch - a broad face, long nose - and he spoke perfectly correct English. The town was originally spelled Phaltz and changed later to New Paltz. Large stone houses with thick walls still remain and the people, most of them "direct descendants", have tried to keep the old aspect of the town intact, free from commercialism. The Rev. Follette has written three books on teaching methods and published one book of poetry. He also paints. His grandfather taught John Burroughs in a little red school house known as the Stone Jug school.

Tuesday, July 21, 1942 Very warm

We have entertained royalty in the past and rather hoped for a visit from a queen today - Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands. She came to Boston yesterday for a two day visit and was scheduled to return to Lee this afternoon. Lee is in the western part of the state. But we were disappointed. The Queen didn't come. Around dinner time, however, three distinguished looking men appeared and we were soon introduced to the Queen's Naval attache, Rear Admiral J. E. Meijer Ranneft. He was not in uniform; an elderly gentleman who enjoyed playing upon our spinet in the parlor - and he played very well. He was accompanied by a Mr. Reinders, another Hollander and Professor J. A. C. Fagginger Auer of Harvard. Professor Auer is an old friend of ours and told us a little about the Queen - how tired she felt after the many festivities planned for her. Not being used to warm weather she found the heat of Boston very trying. There was a formal dinner at the Museum of Fine Arts, a visit to the Navy Yard and tours to several historical sites. The Queen is 61 years old.

(continued next page)

Wednesday, July 22, 1942 Very Pleasant

In a Diary of recent date a story was told about William Cash, one of our Wayside Inn boys; how he wanted to be a newspaper man and was finally given a chance to go to New York to be associated with the Greenwich Village "Villager." We have had some cards and a letter from William telling of his safe arrival at his new home. He also sent a marked copy of the "Villager" with an item titled "New Member on Staff." William has been made circulation manager of the paper. It is really a very fine publication, free from the usual type of sensational news, murders, etc. It is published once every week. William has put the Inn on his mailing list and already we have enjoyed two copies. Its motto at the top of the front page reads: "Reflecting the treasured traditions of this cherished community." Good luck to William! He deserves this opportunity which came about in fairy-story-like way.

Thursday, July 23, 1942 Very Pleasant

We met an artist today who lives in historic Lexington and specializes in doing historic scenes. He is Mr. Aiden Ripley. A Mr. Riley in our neighboring town of Weston has engaged Mr. Ripley to paint some murals in his home. There are to be several American scenes of an early period, among them one of the Inn. It will be an exterior view showing the Inn as it was in the first part of the 19th century without dormer windows or front porch. A stage coach will be seen on the roadway near the entrance.

Mrs. Robert Wallace of Pasadena, California was a tea guest this afternoon. She is a niece by marriage of James T. Fields, Longfellow's publisher. Her father, Dr. Z. B. Adams, was a brother of Mrs. Fields.

Friday, July 24, 1942 Very Pleasant

For today's diary a note had been made: "Helen Hicks Harb, former Women's National Golf Champion, distinguished visitor." But before we sat down to write the facts about Mrs. Harb, the question came to our mind - "Was Mrs. Harb the only distinguished visitor we entertained today." It depends upon one's interpretation of "distinguished." There are many noble souls who are, without any outward recognition, accomplishing great things. They are bearing heavy burdens without complaint. They have conquered themselves; submerged selfish interests. They perform menial tasks day after day faithfully and well. By strength of character they have distinguished themselves, have become "separate" individuals. Yet their names are not known to the public. Silently they carry on.

The common definition of a distinguished person is one who has been honored for his accomplishments in a particular field. His name appears in the papers; we hear of him by word of mouth. Is this person really more distinguished than the former? Should we write - "Our <u>one</u> distinguished visitor today was....?"

(continued next page)

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Saturday, July 25, 1942 Very Pleasant

A jolly group of Royal Air Force men visited the Inn this morning and they enjoyed the Inn; we enjoyed them. There were three who are in Canada training new recruits for the air service. They were given "leave" and decided to see the States. Fortunately they were "picked up" by some people coming to Boston. In less than a week's time they have seen Boston, New York and Washington. "You think of Englishmen as being slow", one of them said, "but we have quickened our pace considerably since this thing (the war) happened." We noticed three V-shaped stripes on the arm of one gray uniform and asked why the V was not turned upside down as on an American Sargeant's uniform. "I tell people that it's like a horseshoe. If turned upside down the luck is spilling out. I want to hold all my luck!" was the quick reply of a short thick set fellow. All exclaimed over the signature of the Duke of Windsor on the Coolidge Sap Bucket - and all declared: "He's a great fellow - the best there is!"

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, July 26, 1942 Warm

The Inn became a week-end retreat yesterday for a college president and his son. The two men stepped offthe Worcester bound bus yesterday afternoon, went to their rooms and soon appeared in country attire, suitable for lounging and walking. The Jenks family - for the President of St. Lawrence University is Millard H. Jenks - have known the Inn for about four years. It was then that son Kimball became a student at the Mass. Institute of Technology. Two years ago the father was elected to the position he now holds. St. Lawrence is well known to Inn folks through the Frater group; many of the ministers being graduates of the St. Lawrence Theological School. President Jenks knows practically all of the men in this Wayside Inn group. He and Kimball boarded a bus back to Boston late this afternoon.

Monday, July 27, 1942 Rain

The Benington Hound Pitcher in the Edison room furnished the subject of an interesting conversation today. Mr. Ulizio, guest in a luncheon party, gave an informal talk on his collection of Hound pitchers. He has eight of them, graduating in size from a tiny one to a size larger than the one we have here. They are all perfect and constitute a complete set. "I had hard wrk finding them," said Mr. Ulizio, "and really know very little about them. But it's been great fun." Mr. Ulizio is evidently a very active business man who chanced to make collecting Hound pitchers his hobby.

(For pictures see next page)

Wednesday, July 29, 1942 Thunder Storms

Thoughts from a stone step.

Men are cutting wheat in the field, Hop Brook runs idly by and a bob white is persistent with his tune.....Over there beyond rail fences and stone walls and in the shadow of Mt. Nobscot, lies the Wayside Inn: a symbol of Peace. It was built tenyears after King Philip's War, it sheltered soldiers of the Revolution and men of the First World War wrote poems of "farewell" from its parlor desk. Men in blue and khaki are there today, yet the Inn remains serene. It stands firm and courageous against an embattled World. And are not those in whose hands the Inn is placed, courageous too? They are simply maintaining the Peace, this little spot of it, while all around are men and women upon whom medals are being bestowed.

(continued next page)

Tuesday, July 28, 1942 (continued)

CAMERA IMPRESSIONS

Most recent Martha-Mary wedding

Mr. and Mrs. Bernice V. Wilcox
July 18, 1942

Tuesday, July 28, 1942 Cloudy

CAMERA IMPRESSIONS

First military wedding
in the Martha-Mary Chapel.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Collins
June 14, 1942

Bouquet from Wayside Inn
garden on the grave of Mary Sawyer
at Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge
Memorial Day 1942

Burton Holmes - World Traveller and Lecturer
June 21, 1942

Wednesday, July 29, 1942 (continued)

The Inn is not only a symbol of Peace, but itis a great symbol of Democracy. For over two hundred and fifty years it has sheltered travellers; men of all races and creeds, common men and foreign princes. Alike they have sought and found here bed and board. Did not Longfellow put into his company a young Sicilian and a Spanish Jew?

Today the Inn embodies all that for which the people of every nation are striving; everlasting peace which comes only through a showing of real democracy. The Inn cannot be moved; it cannot be carried across the seas as an emblem of Peace or as an example. It will remain here for two hundred and fifty years more - unperturbed by a war; peerless in its peaceful attitude.

Thursday, July 30, 1942 Cloudy and Cold

The Wayside Inn Library was the recipient today of a new book, "A Pastor Wings over South America." The book was presented by the author, Bishop Samuel Trexler of New York. He is President of the United Lutheran Synod of New York and President of the Board of Foreign Missions of the United Lutheran Church in America. Having read in the papers that this was Mr. Ford's birthday, Bishop Trexler inscribed the book thusly: "To the Wayside Inn," in appreciation of happy visits, on Mr. Ford's birthday." The Bishop and the same friend who accompanied him today were here two years ago. The friend is Dr. Devol, the attending physician to Alexander Woolcott and other famous people. The pair are jolly and friendly. The book gives an account of their travels together by airplane over South America.

Friday, July 31, 1942 Partly Cloudy

The little bay window in the old dining-room lends itself to lovely flower arrangements. In the summer time the window is always decorated and affords much pleasure for the guests. This week many have commented upon the scabiosa which has been raised in great quantity and variety. The dark hued ones with their tips of white and their round shapes are veritable "pin cushions". Others are in pale pink and lavendar shades and have more fuzzy surfaces. The combination of light and dark shades; the contrast and yet blending of colors make very beautiful bouquets.

Saturday, August 1, 1942 Pleasant

In past diaries of several years ago, much was written about Mr. and Mrs. George F. Gookin, a dear old couple who spent many long days here when they were young and fortunately were able to renew their acquaintance with the Inn during their old age. They have passed away but their memory lives

(continued next page)

Saturday, August 1, 1942 (continued)

on in the hearts of those who knew them. Today a lone woman arrived on the bus, Mrs. Gookin's niece, a Miss Cleveland. "I thought I must come out here to spend the day, today, just in memory of my aunt and uncle," she said.

Another interesting guest today was a woman who had been a missionary in Japan. She taught school there and had translated several of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" into Japanese. When in the parlor, Miss Panky, for that was her name, recited a part of "The Legent Beautiful" in the Japanese language.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, August 2, 1942 — Very Pleasant

Sunday was observed today in an old-fashioned way, by reading a book and a good book: "Mosses from an old Manse." There were guests today to be sure, and many. Many guests indeed for an almost gasoline-less day. But in-between guests there was time to pick up Hawthorne's delightful book. His description of the old Manse in Concord was more appreciated than during a former reading because of our present association with country atmosphere and an old House. Some of the sentences and paragraphs touched such a responsive chord that they were marked with a cross: literary gems which will sparkle in our mind for a long time. We beg leave to quote a few of them.

"Throughout the summer there were cherries and currants; and then came Autumn, with his immense burden of apples, dropping them continually from his overladen shoulders as he trudged along."

"The beams and rafters, roughly hewn, and with strips of bark still on them, and the rude masonry of the chimneys, made the garret look wild and uncivilized."

"Carpenters next appeared making a tremendous racket among the outbuildings, strewing the green grass with pine shavings and chips of chestnut joists, and vexing the whole antiquity of the place with their discordant renovations."

"Speaking of summer squashes....They presented an endless diversity of urns and vases, shallow or deep, escalloped or plain, moulded in patterns which a sculptor would do well to copy, since Art has never invented anything more graceful."

Monday, August 3, 1942 — Pleasant

A lively little lady whose mind wandered from Vienna, Austria to Cambridge, Massachusetts, as she went through the house, proved to be an enjoyable visitor this afternoon. Her name is Anna L. Pease and she was born in this country. When a child she was taken to Vienna and remained there until 3 years ago. "Of course Longfellow was born in Cambridge," she said. "I love him - have read everything he ever wrote, ya, ya. But I couldn't stay in Austria, you know" - So she rambled. Her enjoyment of the Parlor has rarely been equalled. She

(continued next page)

Monday, August 3, 1942 (continued)

was familiar with the Poet and the Student and the other Longfellow characters. "Ya, ya, I know," she kept saying - understanding thoroughly every word of the description. Upstairs in Lafayette's room she stopped and after a long sigh murmured, "I love this country more than most people who have never left it." When we asked about her life in Austria, Miss Pease seemed loathe to talk about it or the present situation there. She doesn't read anything about it and informed us quite emphatically that she doesn't want to know what is happening in her adopted country.

Tuesday, August 4, 1942 Pleasant

Very large blue eyes with long curled lashes peered across the shelf of the Bar this afternoon. A brilliant red mouth, finely shaped, and locks of gleaming bronze arrested the attention of everyone in the room. Yes, she was a movie actress, one of the Picken's sisters - Miss Jane. The morning paper announced that she would sing at the Birthday Party given by the Copley Plaza Hotel this evening. Jane was friendly though slightly modest and retiring. She smiled often showing perfectly white teeth. She and her gentleman escort partook of tea served on the Porch.

Wednesday, August 5, 1942 Very pleasant

More and more frequently do guests tell of sacrifices made in order to have dinner or a cup of tea at the Wayside Inn. Today a family of three drove up from Connecticut; a two week's supply of gasoline involved. Not a regular two week's supply but a vacation supply. "I've worked in my garden every day of my vacation," said Mr. White this evening,"so coming here marks the family's one vacation treat." Mr. White is D. McCall White whose Scottish relatives have lived on their ancestral estate for four hundred and twenty-five years. Mr. White told of meeting Mr. Ford and Mr. Firestone, also President Coolidge. In England he was the guest of George V.

Thursday, August 6, 1942 Very pleasant

A farewell dinner was given recently for a man just called into the service. The honored guest was Robert A. Clark of Winthrop, Mass., who served in the first World War, also at the Mexican Border in 1916. Friends and family, numbering six, were seated at a table on the Porch.

A Sudbury resident, Mrs. Emmons, was a recent luncheon guest and told us that she is living in the house formerly occupied by Miss Witham. Miss Witham was a member of the Farm and Garden Club and is remembered by those who knew her as a very lovely person.

(continued next page)

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Friday, August 7, 1942 — Very pleasant

Pieces of old metal work such as a Betty lamp, bed warmer, toaster and wafer iron, were of particular interest to a guest today, Mr. H. B. Rengering of Cincinnati, Ohio. He was evidently a metal worker himself: one who has come up from the "ranks" into a position of responsibility. His plant employs 1100 men. "I wish some of my men could see the delicate work on this piece," said Mr. Rengering as he fondly handled our pipe tongs.

Never before had he seen the metal craftsmanship of the early American period. The specimens found here were greatly enlightening to this man of forty years who apparently has been deprived of a formal education.

Saturday, August 8, 1942 — Very pleasant

William Cash, the boy who went to New York to take a position on the Greenwich Village "Villager", has been given his longed-for job as a Reporter besides being Circulation Manager. He is sending to the Inn a copy of each week's "Villager." Much good information is found therein. For instance a column entitled "This Week in History," provides a list of important dates with the events for which they stand. Here are a few examples:

Aug. 7 - First settlers land in Maine, 1607
Aug. 10 - U. S. Naval Academy founded at Annapolis, 1845.
Aug. 11 - Fulton's "Clermont", first successful steam vessel appears on Hudson, 1807.

Another column which further suggests the type of information found in the "Villager" is called "Picked up in Passing". These are the kind of things "picked up".

"Every noble work is at first impossible."
"People do not lack strength, they lack will."
"I never offered my opinion 'till I was sixty", said the old Turk, "and then it was one which had been in our family for a century."

With this kind of philosophy and history surrounding him, William is indeed a fortunate boy. The "Villager", however, is fortunate in having William.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, August 9, 1942 Rain

A dear little family of mother father and three children arrived at the Inn about the middle of the morning. They were dressed in rainy day togs, old coats and rubbers. But underneath the dark outergarments, gay cotton dresses and snowy white skirts appeared; spic span clean and with a strong suggestion of being home made. Mother's dress and that of the older girl were alike. "Yes, Mother made them," answered Janice politely to our rather personal question. Janice is about six years old and she is to be a new-comer at the Mary Lamb School when it opens in September. Brother Carl - youngest member of the Burland family - will also come to the little red school house. The Burlands haven't lived in Sudbury very long so are just now getting acquainted with their new surroundings, more particularly the Wayside Inn which will, in time, come to mean a great deal to them. In later years Janice and Carl will be proud of their early school association with this historic place.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Davis, married in 1892, spent their 50th anniversary here today. They were surrounded by children and grandchildren. The party numbered fifteen. Mr. Davis has spent all his life in Hudson, Mass., working in one shop for 42 years out of the fifty.

Monday, August 10, 1942 Pleasant

"This is one of the old American jewels", said a young student as he stood in the Bar room this evening. He was, of course, referring to the Inn and then he likened the house to the crown jewels of England. "England has its crown jewels," he said. "America has this kind of jewels." Following this remark an interesting discussion ensued with a fellow student. "I wonder if modern glass houses will become as interesting in a hundred years as this house has become in the course of a century? Will features of the present glass house be considered as good?" asked student No. 1. Student No. 2 was prompt in his reply. "No, never. Just look at that fireplace, the mantle, the panelling - it's a work of art. Never can the feeling of restfulness and warmth which this fireplace affords, be duplicated. Others joined the twosome and soon the hostess was bombarded with questions. "When was the house built. Is it really two hundred and fifty-six years old? Did Longfellow live here? Answers to these questions were given in a detailed tour of the house, directed by the hostess, after which loud hand clapping was heard from the direction of the parlor. About thirty students from the Harvard Summer School were the guests who had so thoroughly enjoyed the Inn following dinner served on the Porch.

(continued next page)

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Tuesday, August 11, 1942 Cloudy

It gives us a great deal of pleasure to have people come to "spend the day." It's an old fashioned way of visiting, seeing your friends. So we were delighted to have Mrs. Elizabeth Cummings from Dearborn bring her sister, a friend and daughter-in-law to"spend the day" today. They came in time for luncheon and stayed for supper. After luncheon chairs were drawn around a table in the old dining room. Emma came up from the kitchen, Miss Staples took time off from the front of the house and an enjoyable hour of "visiting" followed. Then Mrs. Cummings and her friends were shown through the house. They wrote post cards to their friends, they watched the afternoon guests as they came and went and finally, when the time came to "catch" the bus for Worcester they were reluctant to leave. We hope very much that Mrs. Cummings and her family will "spend the day" with us every year when vacation time comes around.

Wednesday, August 12, 1942 Partly Cloudy

A brisk walk was taken this morning by two guests who arrived early on the bus. Now ordinarily a walk and two bus guests would not excite unusual interest. But these particular guests had risen at 6 o'clock, taken the bus from Park Square, Boston, at 7 o'clock and arrived at the Inn at 8 o'clock, without having had a bite to eat! Then they started out on a walk to "get up" an appetite! After a leisurely breakfast with the morning sun and green trees surrounding them on the Porch, this couple were shown through the house. They told of a promise made ten years ago when reading a description of the Inn by Hamlin Garland - that if ever they were in Boston they would come to the Wayside Inn. at 11 o'clock they were still here. Last seen they were walking near the old barn.

"Across the road the barns display
Their rows of stalls, their mows of hay."

... a copy of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" tucked under an appreciative arm.

Thursday, August 13, 1942 Rain

Sitting on the settle in the bar room after dinner this evening, was a woman of about middle age. She was lovely to look at - smiling and happy. But she couldn't talk well; had great difficulty in making us understand what she wanted to say. And she couldn't walk easily. Nevertheless she thoroughly enjoyed her friends and every word of the conversation. She tried to repeat to her friends what the hostess had said about various things in the room. When leaving she expressed

(continued next page)

Thursday, August 13, 1942 (continued)

great pleasure in being here. She was helped into a waiting automobile. Before starting, however, one of the party rushed back to the hostess, took her aside and explained her friend's condition. "Thrombosis following an operation", she said.

Cameron Beck passed his identification card over the bar this noon when ordering luncheon. He is a lecturer. Also a Vocational and Industrial Relations Consultant. His address is the R. K. O. Building, Rockefeller Centre, New York.

A young woman of about twenty years reached the Inn by bicycle this morning and told us that she had pedalled here from Belmont, Mass. Her home and work are in Indiana. This year her vacation has been spent via buses and bicycles. She has been to Virginia and Washington, D. C. and is now visiting friends in Belmont.

Friday, August 14, 1942 Cloudy

Lately the homelike atmosphere of the Inn has seemed more pronounced. It has always been here - the hominess of open fires, the coziness of low ceiled rooms and quaint thin walls. But four walls do not make a home. What, then, gives to the Inn, a public house, this aspect of a home? We say it is the guests, the guests themselves create the kind of atmosphere found here. Think of the little family on Sunday; the children who will always associate the Inn with their early life. Then picture Elizabeth and Emma sitting together chatting for nearly an hour. Remember the invalid and her friend coming back to explain the operation, etc. And a soldier last night bringing his wife to see the Inn before he left for parts unknown. All these are glimpses of friendliness and genuine love for the Inn. Day after day in a hundred little ways - by word or deed - the guests regard the Inn as a home. They are responsible for its home-like atmosphere. Perhaps not they alone - there are other contributing causes - but their share is large and in the final analysis what would the four walls be without them?

Saturday, August 15, 1942 Pleasant

Thoughtful Longfellow

Once when Longfellow was visiting Browning, the two poets went for a ride in a hansom cab. Presently a shower came on. As the downpour increased Browning found his companion growing fidgety and abstracted, and it was only with difficulty that he was able to hold Longfellow's attention to the subject they were discussing.

(continued next page)

Saturday, August 15, 1942 (continued)

At length Longfellow stopped the cab, pushed open the trap in the top of the conveyance, and thrust up an umbrella to the driver. Then, with mind once more free, Longfellow turned to Browning and said, "Pardon the interruption. And now what were we talking about?"

From the Christian Science Minitor

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, August 16, 1942 Very Warm

Our usual Sunday sprinkling of army and navy uniforms. Among our army guests, Captains Kennard and Pritchard, who have been studying guerilla warfare at Middlesex School in nearby Concord, under a British Colonel, and on the ground of the Revolutionary battle. Commenting on the anomaly of this situation Capt. Pritchard told us of the following postscript Capt. Kennard had added in a letter to his wife - "1775 - 1942. A Colonel of British commandos instructing American soldiers in sight of Concord Bridge."

Dr. Walter Sharp and Mrs. Sharp of the Henry Ford Hospital dined here today.

Monday, August 17, 1942 Very Warm-

Our interesting incident for today developed from the war effort, and taught us the uses of the goffering iron, "to plait, crimp or flute." It seems that our guest, Mrs. Frederick Lindo, was cleaning out her attic and collecting scrap metal in the interest of defense, but when she found her mother's goffering iron she did not have the heart to scrap it, and so presented it to the Wayside Inn. She had often, as a child, watched her mother use it for fluting. Mrs. Lindo's mother was a cousin of Pres. McKinley. The goffer iron has two patterned, hollow brass cylinders into which are fitted iron tubes. The tubes would be heated and then inserted in the cylinders - the material to be fluted inserted between the cylinders, and the fluting done by turning a crank handle. The iron is dated 1875.

Tuesday, August 18, 1942 Pleasant

Off and on Hollywood finds its way to the Inn. Today in the person of Carol Bruce, recently arrived in the East for some personal appearances, just a wisp of a girl, so pretty and so enthusiastic about the old house. Coming soon again she says. We are told by guests that Carol has a fine voice and an inaividual way of singing.

Wednesday, August 19, 1942 Warm

We received today from Mrs. Alice Graham Mitchell, who was formerly employed in the Inn office, an attractive picture of the Inn in color which appeared in a recent catalogue issued by a lumber concern.

Thursday, August 20, 1942 Pleasant

Today the news headlines indicated a drastic change for the better in War conditions. This cheering news was reflected on the faces of the guests, and there seemed to be more people out than usual. Everyone was smiling. Possibly it was because our marines have invaded the shores of France for the first time in this second World War.

Peter and John Kozak, soldier and sailor respectively, and recent graduates of our Boys School, returned for a day's visit with us while on furlough.

A sad-eyed young man was entertained at lunch by two elderly ladies. The latter told the hostess that the young man was on a furlough, waiting to be sent across, but that he is worried about his mother in Texas who is becoming blind and is not expected to live much longer. In fact he feels he won't see her again.

Friday, August 21, 1942 Warm and Pleasant

Miss Priscilla Staples is in the Framingham Hospital and today underwent an operation for appendicitis. We have had the report that she is doing fairly well.

The guest book today was signed by Michel Givson and Irving Schwerke of Paris, France - just returned to the United States after living in France for twenty years.

A woman who had been invited to see the old kitchen exclaimed that she expected to see a great, big old-fashioned stove.

Saturday, August 22, 1942 Very warm

A guest allowed us a glimpse of her copy of "Tarry-at-Home Travels" by Edward Everett Hale, written in 1905. The book has a picture of the Inn, and an unusual youthful picture of Longfellow. In this book Mr. Hale advises his readers to visit these many nearby places. If possible, to go by yacht (preferably a friend's yacht) by train, or by any horse drawn vehicle, but "as for the automobile, never."

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, August 23, 1942 Very warm

Hollywood again found its way to the Inn in the persons of Conrad Nagel and Carol Bruce. Carol was our guest last week and liked it so well that she returned today with her mother and Mr. Nagel.

Mr. Nagel is now appearing at the Plymouth Theatre in Boston in "The Moon is Down" from the book by John Steinbeck.

Monday, August 24, 1942 Fair and cool

We have been reading the recent publication of Esther Forbes "Paul Revere and the World He Lived In," and find her reference to the famous ride so beautifully put and timely that we would like to keep the following excerpt for our diary. John Larkin, one of the wealthiest citizens of Charlestown loaned his best horse for that ride - years later Paul Revere gratefully remembered how good 'how very good, was this Larkin horse.' It would be slender and nervous in the Yankee manner, small by modern standards, surefooted, tireless - "So away down the moonlit road, Paul Revere and the Larkin horse galloping into history, art, editorials, folklore, poetry; the beat of those hooves never to be forgotten. The man his bold, dark face bent, his hands light on the reins, his body giving to the flowing rhythm beneath him, becoming as it were something greater than himself - not merely one man riding one horse on a certain lonely night of long ago, but a symbol to which his country men can yet turn. Paul Revere had started on a ride which, in a way, has never ended."

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Toulmin of Monterey, California, and Reno, Nevada, spent a few days with us and we learned that Mrs. Toulmin is a descendant of that John Larkin. Later ancestor Ebenezer Larkin purchased Paul Revere's silver shop on Corn Hill, Boston, for a book store.

One of the Toulmin homes is the Thomas Oliver Larkin House of Monterey, California, built when Thomas Oliver Larkin went to California as Consul, the only U. S. Consul to California. He was sent by President Monroe to bring California into the Union. When General Sherman went to California in 1854 with the U. S. Army a house was built for his headquarters in the Larkin garden. These historic houses are still open to guests - the tradition of the Oliver Larkin

(continued next page)

Monday, August 24, 1942 (continued)

house being never to turn a guest away and always to serve him a glass of sherry.

Eight Larkin brothers signed the resolution against tea taxation. Another ancestor built Scarborough Castle in Savannah, Georgia, now a school for colored children.

Mr. Toulmin's sister is Lady Carbary of Ireland who has recently published a book, "Happy World." The English home of his great-grandfather, John Moris, was purchased by Disraeli.

Tuesday, August 25, 1942 Clear and cold

The early morning temperature here was 40.

The Boston Bus stopped today and a very slender old lady walked up the path gazing rapturously at the house. When the door was opened for her she said, "I have actually seen Longfellow's Wayside Inn; now let me in to see the parlor and the 'sombre clock.' She is Rachel Lowry of Pennsylvania, enjoying a tour of the historic places of Boston and vicinity. She had been to Concord and Lexington. Her attitude and conversation seemed to denote that her tour had been a success and a fulfillment of a long anticipated desire.

Wednesday, August 26, 1942 Fair and continued cold

Very encouraging reports of Miss Staples from the hospital.

Mr. W. W. Taylor arrived to spend a few days with us.

A guest remarking on the pewter made in various countries told of a complete set of pewter in the British Museum which was found as he expressed it, in some "wildish" place when escavating. It may have belonged to the ancient Romans. It was all laid out as if for a meal when apparently some catastrophe occurred. The clearing up of that meal was made by the excavators and the pewter dishes placed in the British Museum.

Thursday, August 27, 1942 Fair

A luncheon group today, the Executive Committee - Trustees of Mass. State College. The President of the Committee, Col. Nathaniel Bowditch, our friend and neighbor.

(continued next page)

Thursday, August 27, 1942 (continued)

Rev. and Mrs. Clapp came in the evening just to see the house. Mr. Clapp is Chaplain at Concord Reformatory - Mrs. Clapp is an organist. In the parlor they engaged in friendly conversation with the hostess and other guests, including Mr. W. W. Taylor. Mrs. Clapp told of having made a collection of bells - small brass bells, made in China and for the most part purchased at the ten cent stores. She has 23 bells selected for their tone. Wherever she saw these bells for sale, she approached the manager and asked if she could see his complete stock. Usually she was shown to a basement storeroom, and tried out a bin of bells to choose the proper tones. She had with her 13 bells - a complete C sharp scale. First she played "Old Folks at Home," then "America" then she passed the bells out to the group and under her direction they repeated "America". Mr. Taylor rang his bells with zest but particularly enjoyed "Nearer My God to Thee" played by Rev. Clapp on the spinet and sung by the assembled company.

Friday, August 28, 1942 Fair and cold

Interesting guests Mr. and Mrs. Ferrie. Mrs. Ferrie's family have a Stradavarius once owned by Ole Bull. She said it has never occurred to her to question the authenticity of the violin or its history. It is just one of the things she has grown up with and taken for granted. Her grandfather who first owned it, was Mr. Tourtellot of Dudley, Mass. Not to be outdone in family interest Mr. Ferrie said there is a statue in Springfield, Mass. erected to one of his ancestors for stealing horses from the Britishfor the use of the Colonial army. Just a horse thief glorified.

Saturday, August 29, 1942 Cloudy and cold

A guest enthusiastically telling us of a friend who lives in Salem, Mass. the sixth generation to occupy the home. He has many old documents and letters. Among them a letter written by an anestor who was Postmaster General at Washington, containing the following statement, which emphasizes our changed and changing world: "Would like to get back to Salem with the feel of the plough under my hands and the reins across my shoulders. There is more money on the farm than in Washington."

Miss Agnes Costello of Marlboro was married today and a wedding reception at the Inn followed the ceremony. The porch, prettily decorated with our garden flowers, made a happy setting for the little gathering.

Sunday, August 30, 1942 Clear and Cold

Miss H. L. Cook of Kelley, Haller, Peacock Co., Inc., Detroit, was our dinner guest. We expected her to spend the night but she had other plans. She promised a return visit before returning to Detroit.

Mr. W. W. Taylor reluctantly left this afternoon. The weather was so beautiful and he found the Inn so peaceful he would like to have tarried a while.

Monday, August 31, 1942 Clear an Cool

Mrs. Sewall Morse of Brattleboro, Vermont, told of a chest of linens in her family, made by a great-great grandmother of hers, who raised the flax, spun and wove the linens. She not only wove for her own family but spun and wove sheets, scarves and spreads for others, as a means of livelihood. Mrs. Sewall has the book of prices she received for her work.

Tuesday, September 1, 1942 Fair and Warm

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Hansen of Worcester, Mass., visit the Inn at intervals. Their visit today, however, seemed somewhat in the nature of a pilgrimage. Mrs. Hansen had received a letter from her brother in Norway which so depressed her that she and Mr. Hansen decided to spent the afternoon at the Inn, feeling that it has a link with Norway because of Ole Bull. These fine people are American citizens but of Norwegian birth and upbringing. Each has relatives living in Norway and keenly feels and resents the German occupation. Mrs. Hansen had written her brother that she was sending him coffee and asked him to let her know what else she could send for his comfort. His reply was, "Send nothing; we would not receive it. Everything is taken from us." The Hansens wondered how this letter ever came through. The brother, who is a landscape gardner lives outside of Oslo and his home adjoins one of the homes of King Hakon. The King and Queen very often in their walks stopped at her brother's place, Queen Maud to chat with the lady of the house and the King to wander through the greenhouses, so interested and asking so many questions. Mrs. Hansen sighed as she recounted many incidents of their Norwegian life and said "Such a peaceful, happy people, and such a good King! in the past so industrious but today they do nothing." Her brother is one of a few who attempts to carry on. He keeps busy as he does not want time to think. So their visit today was to do homage to Norway through Ole Bull. They asked to see the Ole Bull Violin. Mr. Hansen hummed

(continued next page)

Tuesday, September 1, 1942 (continued)

"La donna e mobile" from the Ole Bull notes; Mrs. Hansen copied Longfellow's description of Ole Bull. She is going to have her daughter who is a teacher of art, put the words down in some artistic arrangement to be framed and hung in their home. As she repeated these lines to her husband, the words seemed to come alive:

"Fair-haired, blue-eyed,.....
And every feature of his face
Revealing his Norwegian race."

Mrs. Hansen said she had often smiled over a story told of Ole Bull. When, on one of his concert tours, he was about to leave Chicago, the people decided to give a farewell party for him and thought of making it a gathering of Scandinavian peoples, Ole Bull, hearing of this, peremptorily sent word that he would not attent unless it were a gathering of Norwegian people. But after reading Longfellow's lines, with conditions as they are today, Mrs. Hansen said she could understand the attitude of a Norwegian in a distant land.

Wednesday, September 2, 1942 Fair and Warm

When admiring the parlor piano, and remarking on the label "Made for McKay by Babcock" - a guest informed us that McKay was a seacaptain who brought the rosewood and mahogany from South America and the West Indies. Later he conceived the idea of loading his ship for the return voyage with the completed instruments. Later McKay formed a partnership with Chickering in piano manufacturing. He was lost at sea. Our guest said it was not unusual to come upon a McKay piano in South America.

Thursday, September 3, 1942 Very warm - sudden change to cold

One page of our guest book shows that we have had visitors from Pennsylvania, New York state, Illinois, New Hampshire, California, Ohio, Pearl Harbor, Honolulu, Florida, Washington, D. C. and of course, many from Massachusetts

Priscilla Pittman, eight years old, and her cousins Barbara and Beverly Giles, of Mary Lamb and Southwest Schools, enjoyed themselves feeding crackers and bread crumbs to the fishes in Josephine Pond.

Friday, September 4, 1942 Cloudy and rain clearing in afternoon.

Three boys called through the screen door asking how much it cost to see the Inn. When invited in they said they had walked from Watertown to see Joseph Heffernan, one of our school boys. They were Norman Brackett, John Chamberlain, and John Drewe. One of the boys had been here before and conducted the other through. Their hike from Watertown did not tire them too much to tramp around the estate and take in everything to be seen.

(continued next page)

Friday, September 4, 1942 (continued)

When the kitchen story was being told and the little shovel to borrow coals from one's neighbor shown, a guest gave the information that the Blue Wafe Gift Shop in Kennebunkport, Maine, had little salt shakers reproduced in silver, in the shape of those old coal carriers.

Saturday, September 5, 1942 Fair and Warm

We were surprised today by a visit from Corp. Ralph Delagrico, a graduate of the Wayside Inn Boys School in 1934, who, with five other schoolmates enlisted in the Coast Artillery several months before Pearl Harbor. These boys were in training at Camp Hulen, Texas, and then were sent to Vallejo, California. Ralph, as machine gunner on a transport, has seen many foreign countries, manners and customs and has been around the world - even up to the Aleutian Islands. When his furlough is up he returns to Fort Mason, California. After graduating he stayed on as assistant Instructor at the Boys School and every one liked him. In spite of all his experiences he still has the poise and ease of manner acquired as a small boy here at the Inn learning the old-fashioned dances.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, September 6, 1942 — Sunny and Warm

A small wedding party here today for dinner. The bride, the former Miss Weagle, arrived in wedding gown and veil, a pretty sight framed in the doorway of the Inn, a sight appreciated and giving pleasure to our many guests.

Monday, Sept. 7, 1942 — Fair and Cold

Two of the hostesses starting out to visit Miss Staples at Framingham Hospital, surprised by William Cash - here for the wee-end, William joined us, entertaining us with his life in Greenwich Village, his work and ambitions for his paper, the Villager. We found Miss Staples well, and anxious to get home and back to work. She enjoyed seeing William as she and he were great friends during his school days at Wayside.

Tuesday, September 8, 1942 — Cloudy

Our house guests, Mr. and Mrs. John Sergeant Fox of Springhouse, Pa., with their children, Sergeant two and a half years and Barbara fourteen months. Mr. and Mrs. Fox were here two years ago with Sergeant and felt they must make a visit with Barbara. Barbara, tired after a day of travelling, expressed here dissatisfaction in lusty wails. The family occupied Jerusha and a member of a group enjoying a visit to the old kitchen, hearing the wails, remarked that it was a young sound for an old inn.

Miss Staples home from the hospital, happy to be home and feeling better every day.

Wednesday, September 9, 1942 — Rain- morning, Clearing afternoon

Mr. McSweeney, who has a chicken farm in Sudbury was married this afternoon in Framingham. The wedding party of 38 came here for the reception and dinner. The bridegroom forgot his hat, a brand new felt hat, which we are holding for him.

A bridge club of long standing had an interesting party which they called a Silver Wedding. There were seven in the group, six of whom have celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversaries, the seventh unmarried. They have been friends since girlhood. They brought two fancy cakes to make the party more festive, and remarked incidentally that they had left their husbands home.

(continued next page)

Thursday, September 10, 1942 Cloudy

Mrs. Ira Ames came to lunch. Her husband has bought Ravenswood, a lovely estate bordering Mr. Ford's land in Sudbury. It is the old Weeks place, a part of which was built in 1774 and another part in 1800. The house is full of antiques, beds, spinning wheels, gate-leg tables and there is an old cider mill on the place.

Friday, September 11, 1942 Fair and Warm

We have been enjoying "Happy World", the story of a Victorian Childhood, by Lady Carbery, sent us by her sister-in-law Mrs. Harry Toulmin, our recent overnight guest. A guest in the bar-room picked up the book and read aloud with amusement the Victorian phraseology - the description of a grandmother. "Perhaps she was back in the past at her home where first love was sweet as primroses." Another guest, overhearing, asked the reader to repeat it, and as the words were read, said them over to himself as if memorizing them. A few minutes later his wife joined him. He seated her beside him on the settle and with a twinkle in his eye put his arm around her and said, "you know, first love is sweet as primroses." The lady looked at him in surprise. He burst out laughing then explained to the group that he and his wife were here to celebrate their thirty-sixth wedding anniversary. They are Mr. and Mrs. Goddard of Newton Highlands, Mass. While this little scene was being carried out in a spirit of fun, the evidence all pointed to a long and enduring love between this fine couple, be it sweet as primroses or sweet with the richness of all things that are real and have endured.

A delightful little lady briskly signed the guest book and then informed us she had visited the Inn just fifty years ago, and had not been here in the meantime. She is Mrs. George Mooney of 822 Hillside Avenue, Plainfield, N. J. Judging from her smart slender figure, and quick step, the fifty years have touched her lightly.

Saturday, September 12, 1942 Cloudy and Rain

Ensign P. L. Baden of Dearborn, Michigan, a former Greenfield Village guide, lunched here today with his wife and a friend. Ensign Baden is stationed at Squantum, Mass.

Ralph Delagricco had dinner with us this evening and told us more about his experiences as a member of the Coast Artillery Anti-Aircraft. He had hoped to get into the air corps, but just as his application was being considered war was declared. The age limit is 26 and Ralph

(continued next page)

Saturday, September 12, 1942 (continued)

is near 26 but as his application was made at a proper time and the need of trained soldiers sent him back to camp he may yet make it. Ralph has had a unique experience since he was with the first group of American soldiers to land in New Zealand and also one of the first army gunners to man guns on a transport. The Navy had to call on the Army as there was a shortage of sailors.

Virginia Rostrum, the daughter of a former Wayside Inn employee, is to be married tomorrow and Ralph Delagricco has obtained an extension of leave to attend the wedding. Some of the white flowers from Wayside Inn garden are to be used for decorating the church for the ceremony.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

September 13 - 19, 1942

Sunday, September 13, 1942 Fair and Warmer

Ralph Delagrieco here again this morning to say goodbye. Rather a hard thing for those who have known him well, as a furlough these days pressages going into dangerous zones. Ralph has developed into a splendid man, one of whom the school may be justly proud.

Monday, September 14, 1942 Fair and Warm

A dinner party of five, our frequent guest Mr Williams of Holliston and his office force. We have known Mr Williams so long, but just tonight he told us something of his life. He was brought up in a small town; sold papers at six years of age. His father bought him but one suit of clothes after that as he earned his own right through his school years. At eleven he had a paper route of twelve miles and walked it. Later when teaching Sunday School he promised his class a good dinner at his father's home if they would walk the distance to it, twenty-one miles. Out of thirty boys all but one walked it. Mr Williams is now a healthy, ruddy cheeked man in his fifties and apparently a successful one. He owns a small shoe factory, a factory for steel parts and an antique shop at Falmouth, Mass. which he claims if the best on the Cape. He is planning to build a pioneer village at Falmouth after the war.

Tuesday, September 15, 1942 Clear and Warm

Our visitors today, Mr and Mrs E. A. Buthmann of Lawrence, Mass. with Mr W. H. Wieland. It was a pleasure to take Mrs Buthmann through the house. She was so appreciative and had such a knowledge of Longfellow. One reason for her great love and loyalty to Longfellow, as a poet and a man, is, as she expressed it, the honor of having been born on the day he died. She has looked upon him as a guide through life. She signed the guest book - Helene Victor Buthmann (born on the day Henry Longfellow died).

Wednesday, September 16, 1942 Cloudy and Cool

The individual tragedy of the war touched us today when Mr and Mrs Sheldon G Stirling of New Haven, Conn, our house guests, told us of their vacation with their sons.

(continued on next page)

Both sons are in army camps, one in Colorado and one in St Louis. The Stirlings spent a happy week in Colorado with one son and then came on to St Louis to visit the other. At the end of their second happy week the son asked them to drive his car home for him and also gave them some of his personal belongings to take home. This made them feel that he was being sent over seas. Mr Stirling told us what a wonderful vacation they had had and how they kept up before the boy in St Louis and did not let him know that they suspected his going. He proudly exhibited pictures of his sons - then suddenly broke down and sobbed convulsively saying he had the feeling he would never see his younger boy again. It is a terrible thing to see a strong man break down.

Thursday, September 17, 1942 Very warm

The Worcester Gazette informs us that Miss Barbara Brown, a former teacher at Mary Lamb School, is a member of the Waves, the first from Marlboro. She is to be trained at Smith College. She has been teaching in the Boston Public Schools.

Friday, September 18, 1942 Very warm

The expression "In the old days" has a varied significance according to one's age and point of view. We have often smiled at boys and girls of college age speaking of some incident in their grandmother's life way back in 1900. Usually in response to some statement made by a hostess with 1650 to 1850 in mind. To five year old Ralph Sennott, jr. the old days mean his mother's youth. With the background of a week's education at Mary Lamb School he has acquired an interest in the household things of bygone days, so joined a group going through the old kitchen. The hostess noticed how intensely he was listening so attempted to tell the story clearly for him. When we came to the butter chrun she said, "In the old days each family had a farm of its own with horses, pigs and cows. They milked the cows and saved some of the cream to make their own butter. The hostess proceeded to explain the use of the churn for that purpose. Ralph spoke up and said "I dont think my mother did that. In the old days she lived in Cambridge."

Saturday, September 19, 1942 Very warm

Miss Barbara Morton, a graduate of our Southwest School, was married today to Mr Clifford C. Dunham in the Martha-Mary Chapel by the Rev. S. Paul Jefferson of

(continued)

Framingham. A reception at the Inn followd the ceremony. The wedding was carried out with an appealing simplicity. Barbara wore her Mother's wedding gown of satin striped mulle. Our garden flowers decorated the Inn. The Framingham News has published a charming picture of the bride and groom cutting their wedding cake.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Week of September 20 - 26, 1942

Sunday, Sept. 20, 1942 Cloudy and Cool.

Mrs Henry Daniels and her daughter, Susan Daniels, of Great Barrington, R. I. have been with us agin today. Susan greatly admired the old windsor writing chair in the bar room - spoke of its comfort as well as utility and remarked that it would be good for the "Uprooting System". The hostess enquired what she meant by the uprooting system. She explained that the trend toward progressive education called for the uprooting of rows of school desks and chairs and the placing of them in a more informal way - more in line with the idea of the round table. Rather an enomaly that this very old chair should better meet the need of progressive education.

Monday, Sept. 21, 1942 Cloudy and Cold.

Mrs Hilliard of Wayland sponsored a dinner for their neighborhood club. Sixteen met in the old kitchen for dinner, and judging from the laughter and good natured railery the meeting of the club was a success.

Tuesday, Sept. 22, 1942 Cloudy and Cold.

We had an interesting visit from a Mrs Milton Porter of Boston. She came by bus. She has been earning her living by making dolls and selling them. Some of her dolls are characters from story books - made so they stand by themselves; they have hand-painted faces, the Mary and her lamb doll being particularly appealing. Then she has a series of herb and flower dolls — suggested by a book by Ethel Singleton - "Shakespeare's Garden", in which are collected Shakespear's references to herbs and flowers. And of course there were some patriotic dolls in red, white and blue called Victory and Freedom. She read quite a few quotations from "Shakespeare's Garden" which appealed to us, some of which we have put down.

"Rosemary gives happiness to those who use it and worn on the person it was throught to strengthen the memory and make the wearer successful in everything."

"A spring of rosemary I give to speak of all the past."

"Thyme made the bed of Mary in the stable that Christmas."

"Mint is dedicated to Venus and the Virgin."

(continued next page)

(continued)

"A Nosegay for the blind is a posie of fragrant herbs. Southernwood, balm, mint, rosemary may awaken precious memories in those who cannot see."

"Mint was a good posie for students to smell of because it quickens the brain."

"Lavender signifies undying love and devotion."

Mrs Porter is able to purchase most of these herbs and fragrances at Cheney's Old Drug Store near Faneuil Hall. She carries out the dressing of the dolls to the Minutest detail, the clothing following the flower colorings and the doll carrying a basket of that flower fragrance.

Wednesday, Sept. 23, 1942 Fair and Warm

It seems as if every time we glance through the window we see the trailer truck coming down from our apple orchard on Nobscot Hill. This must be apple year. Everything now centers around apple picking and the future to us just now means after the apples are picked.

Thursday, Sept. 24, 1942 Fair and Warm

Six Cowley Fathers visited today - Rev. Oliver B. Dale, Brother Alfred, Brother Frecerick, Rev. Sydney C. Tuttle, Brother Francis and Brother Herbert. They had come to Sudbury to attend the funeral services of Ralph Adams Cram, one of the world's famous architects and the desiner of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York and of the Military Academy at West Point and at Princeton University. The Rev. Oliver Dale had officiated at the Requiem Mass at the Church of St John the Evangelist, Boston and he with the other Cowley Fathers had come to Sudbury to attend the private burial service at the Cram estate in Sudbury "Whitehall" which has a private chapel. Mr Cram had designed the chapel for Cowley Fathers on Memorial Drive, Cambridge, Mass.

Bishop Oxnam also dined here today.

(continued next page)

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Week of September 20 - 26, 1942

(continued)

Friday, Sept. 25, 1942 Fair and Warm

Mr Walter B. Cram was here today to tune the pianos. Mr Cram's great uncle, L. O. Grover, made violins. He made the last one Ole Bull used in his concerts. Ole Bull went to his shop every day for a year and watched him work on his violin. It was willed back to Mr Gover and may be in the collection of violins which Mr Grover willed to Smith College.

Saturday, Sept. 26, 1942 Clear and Cold

The Rice Family had their annual reunion here today. Sixty-seven attended not so large a number as usual owing they thought to the gas rationing. The registration was at eleven o'clock - luncheon at one. This arrangement gave time for old friends to meet informally. After luncheon a business meeting was held in the large ball room. As always they claimed on leaving it was the best time ever.

BAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, September 27, 1942 Fair and Warm

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Howe of 7 Elmwood Avenue, Dedham dined here today. Mr. Howe had never thought much of his family geneology until recently when he inherited two old bibles. He brought them to the Inn to see if he could establish a connection between his family and the Inn Howes. He found that the records of his bible tied up with records in the Inn Howe bible. The entries in his bibles being much earlier than ours. There are entries of Jerusha Howes and Parmenters in the seventeen hundreds. One of his bibles was printed in Edinborough in 1756; the other in Boston in 1820.

Monday, September 28, 1942 Clear and Cold

Mrs. Frank Ryan here to arrange a dinner party. She said she had been here years ago on a Thanksgiving Day. The one thing she remembered was the old cradle in the Washington Bedroom. This she remembered particularly because she wanted to get into it when no one was looking. She succeeded but had to get in and out quickly because there were so many people about. Thus do the sins of the past leave a lasting impression.

Tuesday, September 29, 1942 Clear and Cold

A soldier of stately bearing stepped into the Inn today. He was greeted with enthusiasm in every department. He is John La Brie who was employed at the Inn during the summers of his college years. He is now a First Lieutenant in the Army Air Corps and was on his way to Miami, Florida. His sister was one of the first pupils of Mary Lamb School; is now a graduate of the Leslie School of Teaching, but has accepted a position at the Army Base in Boston. She is in the group picture in the Mary Lamb Book with Mr. and Mrs. Ford, and is the little girl directly to the left of Mrs. Ford.

Wednesday, September 30, 1942 Clear and Cold

Quite a frost last night which laid low our garden flowers. That which was a riot of color, red salvia, varied colored zinnias, white and purple cosmos, presented just drooping blackened stalks after the temperature of 24 degrees.

Thursday, October 1, 1942 Clear and Cool

Our guests were recently entertained by the always pleasing spectacle of the Millwood Hunt. They started from the Inn, leaving the dogs free on the path just outside our door. A beautiful sight to see the horses follow and take the jump near the Mary Lamb School.

Thursday, October 1, 1942(cont)

A dinner party celebrating a first wedding anniversary was given by Lieut. E.S. Korb and his wife to eight of their friends. The old kitchen was decorated with some of the first autumn leaves. The candle light and bowl of shiny red apples and the young faces grouped around the table made a pretty sight.

Friday, October 2, 1942 Clear sunshiny weather

Just a tang of fall to bring a touch of color to the cheeks of our school children as they troup in for their first dancing class of the school year. The older ones with the assurance of past experience and the tots with some trepidation. We renew our acquaintance with the school teachers and feel that summer has really gone and a new school year is well on its way. The guests, as usual, thrilled by the steps of the old-fashioned dances taken by these six year old feet and taken well after a half hour's instruction. The newcomers this year in the first grade are: Edith Gross, Ray Fay, Edmund Brown, Raymond Hooper and Ralph Sennott.

Saturday, October 3, 1942

Two Framingham Normal School girls taking notes as they are to give chapel talks on the Wayside Inn. They informed us that the symbol of the National Home Economics Society is a betty lamp. At one of their meetings a brass reproduction was presented to the president.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Week of October 4 - 10, 1942

Sunday, October 4, 1942 Fair and Warm

Quite a number of guests enjoying the Inn and the grounds. The house decorated with alder berries and so many of the guests exclaiming "See the holly so early in the season."

Pretty Miss Garfield here looking forward to her wedding in the Chapel October 24th, and studying the dining room to plan for her reception. And an adorable little boy, perhaps eight years of age, speaking out with pride in a large group in the parlor, when Paul Revere's Ride was mentioned as the Landlord's Tale - "I love that poem because my name is Paul and I was born on the 19th of April."

Monday, October 5, 1942 Fair and Warm

The comradery which exists among the men in the service of the United Nations was demonstrated today when our guest Flight Lieutenant Donal Murnaghan, RCAF., Canada and our own James Poulos, a Wayside Inn Boys School graduate of 1939, met in the bar room. James has been in Texas for about a year and is a corporal in the Tank Demolition Force. FFT Lt. Murnaghan in the stone blue uniform and James Poulos in khaki. The Lieutenant approached James and extended his hand with the remark that they were in mutual callings. Remembering little Jimmie Poulos there was a satisfaction in seeing a tall, well groomed khaki clad man of the world greeting, with ease and fellowship the Canadian Lieutenant.

Tuesday, October 6, 1942 Fair and Warm

Olaf Kristyan Andersen of Hammerfest, Norway was entertained here at dinner by Mr Theodore Johnson, one of our frequent guests. Olaf is a fine looking, sturdy fellow of nineteen. He with three friends, escaped from Norway to Iceland in a sailboat. He is

now an anti aircraft gunner in the merchant marine and has been to Scotland and Africa. He felt quite at home at the Inn, having a knowledge of Ole Bull and of the Musician's Tale, the Sage of King Olaf" his namesake. Hammerfest, his home town is at the tipend of Norway, not far from Murmansk. He spoke of their very long winters, sometimes only three hours of daylight. And so the sheltering walls of the old Inn have heard another sage, and Longfellow's own words from the Saga of King Olaf could be used in describing the perilous escape from Norway of Olaf Kristyian Andersen;

> Through the midnight sailing, sailing
> Listening to the wild wind's wailing
> And the dashing of the foam.
>
> \- - -
>
> Through the mountains and morasses
> To the home of Hakon, old.

Wednesday, October 7, 1942 Fair and Cool

A typical October day, brilliant sunshine, an autumn crispness to the air, the leaves beginning to flaunt their colors, and after sundown the bar room fire, necessary for warmth, but accenting the charm of the autumn twilight. Then our night watchman, Henry de Bairos, stepping in with a story that so fitted the setting. On one of the woodland roads on the estate he had come upon a doe. He stopped to watch her and she was presently joined first by one faun and then another. She stood patiently while the fauns had their evening meal and then majestically stalked into the woodland with her fauns following her. Henry said he had often come upon deer but in his long experience riding the roads here he had never before seen a doe feeding her fauns.

Thursday, October 8, 1942 Fair and Warm

We received in the mail several more copies of the pamphlet, "Patriotism" from our very good friend, Mr John Whittemore. Mr Whittemore aptly expressed himself in the accompanying note

as follows "I thought Patriotism was pretty badly fingered so am sending replacements." The pamphlet we are glad to say was badly fingered - so many had read it. Numbers have inquired where it could be obtained. We recall one boy of thirteen years who so appreciated it that he begged us to sell him the soiled copy.

Friday, October 9, 1942 Fair and Warm

Rather an interesting watch was shown to us by a guest, Mr Bacon. The watch is an open face silver one with a sweep second hand. It is eighty years old and belonged to a famous horseman who owned Greenwood Miss, a trotting horse, and one of the greatest racers. The case is heavily engraved, depicting on the outside St George and the Dragon, patron saint of horsemen, and on the inside a galleon tossing on a stormy sea, under which is inscribed in Latin, "Security in time of tempest." The races of course, would be the times of tempest for the former owner. Mr Bacon, who used to visit the Inn in Mr Lemon's time, amused us with anecdotes of that landlord. When told that many people still come to the Inn who frequented it in Mr Lemon's time, he asked what were their remembrances of Mr Lemon. The reply was that they all seemed to laugh when they mentioned him; they intimated that he was rather individualistic, but on the whole their remembrances seemed to be kindly. Mr Bacon replied "If that is the impression, it must be Mr Lemon improving with age, so to speak". Mr Bacon also remembers dining here when Graham White was a guest, just after White's famous flight to Boston Light. He wore what was then a flyer's helmet and wore it at dinner. Everyone looked at him and every one made the same remark, "just think, we have seen a man who has flown."

Saturday, October 10, 1942 Fair and Cool

Are we back in the eighteen fifties, the hostess asked, as our guest ordered dinner for Mr Ralph Emerson. Mr Emerson replied that he regretfully confessed to 1942, is not to his knowledge, connected with the Emerson, nor is he possessed of abilities to even attempt to live up to the name.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Week of October 11 - 17, 1942

Sunday, October 11, 1942 Fair and Warm

A Miss Roberts came back to visit the Inn, and to purchase a few more Mary Lamb Books to be sent to England. She was here about a year ago, bought a copy and sent it to her brother in England. He loaned it to some member of his church and in that way the book came to the attention of social workers and thus found its way to the children of the London slums. It was so much liked and appreciated that more were requested and Miss Roberts ordered them from Dearborn. She said her brother had written that people were overjoyed to find out that the little rhyme they had known all their lives really had a definite time and place.

Monday, October 12, 1942 Cool - Fair

Guests - Mr and Mrs Albert B Fales of Newtonville. Mrs Fales has been a member of the Harvard Women's Club for twenty-six years. They have celebrated their 50th and 60th wedding anniversaries, have six grandsons in the service all in different branches and one grandson-in-law. Great grandmother, grandmother, mother and daughter (four generations) were here at the Harvard Women's Club luncheon about three years ago. They make it a point to come to the Inn three or four times a year. Today they came by bus. They remind us of our old friends, Mr and Mrs Geekin.

Tuesday, October 13, 1942 Clear and Cold

Mr and Mrs Olney with us to celebrate the 48th Anniversary of their wedding. They had with them their two sons. Mr Olney said this is all of the family I could get together but I have eleven grandchildren.

Wednesday, October 14, 1942 Cloudy, Cool

Judge and Mrs Clarance E. Miles were here overnight. The judge is quite a talker and

an interesting one. He worked for the United States Government in the Department of Agriculture as chief trial lawyer for thirty-four years, is now retired and returning to Maine. He has read many original legal manuscripts of this department and quoted from one:

"Reserving, however, all white pine fit for masting our royal navy." He referred to the wide boards in the Bar room floor as King's Pine. On leaving the Dept. of Agriculture he was presented with a Hamilton watch inscribed:

Judge Miles
With respect and esteem
of his associates in
U. S. D. of Agriculture
An American
Lawyer and Gentleman.

The Judge, who has Indian blood in his veins, gave us information about one of our pieces of flint. We knew it was an arrow head but he told us this particular one was for shooting fish.

Thursday, October 15, 1942 Fair and Warm

Today's papers inform us of the death of Mr Edward Prescott Lemon, son of the former landlord of the Inn. Mr Lemon died yesterday at his home in Arlington, Massachusetts.

Friday, October 16, 1942 Fair and Cool

Recently we had an interesting group, fifteen nurses of the graduating class of Framingham Union Hospital, with their superintendent, Miss Humphries. It is the custom for the graduating classes to have a dance but this group had to forego it because of no men in these war times. Miss Humphries brought them here as she wanted them to have something else besides just a dinner. These girls have been together for three years and now most of them are going into the service. Each girl wore an orchid from Butterworth's and all joined in the singing at the table.

And Anthony Przada, a seaman in the Coast Guard, was here with his wife for luncheon. He had attended the Wayside Inn Boys School.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Week of October 11 - 17, 1942

Saturday, October 17, 1942 Fair and Warm

On this bright October day we needed no special entertainment for our guests. They were enchanted with the glorious beauty of the out-of-doors. The foliage is exceptionally brilliant this year because of the early frost turning the leaves before they had faded. Guests were more inclined to sit on the porch enjoying the sun or to stroll about the grounds rather than remain inthe Inn and all exclaiming at the beauty of the countryside. And into this scene galloped the Millwood Hunt. First, a lone horseman trailing the scent. Then the others following with the pack and taking the jump just back of the barn and galloping across the field toward the Mill.

Our friend of longstanding, Mrs Meade, was in the group watching the riders. She has been gradually losing her eyesight and now can barely see but she stood in with the others and as the horseman approached she said, "you know, I can hear the hoof beats on the road."

Altogether a very pleasant day. Miss Wakefield cycled from Brookline to spend a few nights with us. And for overnight we also had a bridal couple, Lieut. and Mrs K A Sparrow of Wollaston, Mass and Maj. Samuel E. Tromley and Lieuts. Nason and Miller of the 709th M.P.Bri., Camp George Washington, R. I. Then Mr John E. Lyons entertained at dinner in the old kitchen for eight. A very pleasant gathering. One of the guests, Mr Childs said to the hostess "I know just whay my wife is going to say when we get home - "we must have a party in the old kitchen for our Friends."

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Week of October 18 - 24, 1942

Sunday, October 18, 1942 Fair and Cool

On a recent visit to the Longfellow home in Cambridge one of our hostesses was particularly interested to learn that among the distinquished people who had visited the home, as guests of Mr. Longfellow, was Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil. Picking up the paper a few days later she read that Mrs Berlita Harding, author of "The Phantom Crown" from which the motion picture "Juarez" was made, lectured on South America where she had recently visited. She mentioned that Dom Pedro 11 made a tour of Boston, visited Bunker Hill and spent some time with the poet Longfellow at his home on Brattle Street, Cambridge. This brings to mind an interesting anecdote of the Tales of a Wayside Inn, which tells that a friend of Longfellow's presented Dom Pedro with a copy of "King Robert of Sicily." Dom Pedro liked it so well that he translated it into Portuguese and sent his version to Longfellow. The poet said that he had seen several Portuguese translations of the poem but that the Emperor's was the best of them all.

Monday, October 19, 1942 Clear - Cold

The Christian Leader this week has several tributes by Fraters to Dr Richard Eddy Sykes, a Universalist minister and one of the Fraters who died October 2, 1942. An alumnus, president and President Emeritus of St Lawrence University. One writer speaks of the dramatic touch to the Sykes Biography - "He was the son of the care-taker of the buildings and grounds of St Lawrence University. He lived in the college as a boy. In a day of stoves he was in and out of the students rooms emptying ashes and assisting at janitor's work. The American Epic, written about the men who went from towpath or flatboat, or log cabin, or Tailor's bench to the Whitehouse, was illustrated also in the career of Dr. Sykes, the caretaker's little son who became the head of the great Institution." And so another Frater has stepped from the ranks.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Tuesday, October 20, 1942 Cloudy-Cold

We have the pictures taken at the recent Chapel wedding of Mrs Clifford Coolidge Dunham (Barbara Morton)

Wednesday, October 21, 1942 Cloudy - Cold

In conversation with guests, Mr and Mrs Cole, Mrs Cole gave us the information that her father has china that belonged to her great grandmother, Mrs Topping. The china is white with a gold monogram. Her great grandparents left New England and settled in Illinois. They purchased the china from an importer and it was shipped from Boston by stage for the first part of the journey to Illinois. They have a letter relative to the china which mentions that the stage stopped at the Wayside Inn. Mrs Cole has promised to send a copy of this letter.

Another guest, Mr Wood, who comes here frequently overheard this story and entered into the conversation. In the subsequent farewells Mr Wood asked Mr Cole for his name. "Oh, you can remember my name all right" said Mr Cole, "just think of Cole and Wood."

Thursday, October 22, 1942 Fair - Warm

Mrs Allen, who dines here frequently, told us the story of coming here twenty-five years ago when they had no car and traveled by train from Boston to the Wayside Inn Station. After their dinner, the evening being a beautiful one, they tarried too

long on their walk back to the station arriving just in time to see the train pull out. There was nothing they could do but walk. They had gone about two miles and Mrs Allen said her feet had done their utmost when along car stopped and asked if they wanted a lift. Needless to say they accepted. In the course of the journey, Mr Allen,noticing with what a flair the driver managed the car, asked him if he were in the automobile business. He answered laconically, "No - baseball." The next day Mr and Mrs Allen recognized their good Samaritan and driver from a picture in the newspaper. It was Babe Ruth.

Friday, October 23, 1942 Fair

We have read a little sketch on autumn which we suspect is from the pen of Dr van Schaick. It is entitled "Autumn Shows How Great" and is an analogy of the beauty and cruelty of autumn, and the beauty of a good and the cruelty of a world gone wrong. He speaks of the maple turning scarlet and gold, other trees with all the browns, the wine colors and the maroons." This riot of color against a background made by the dark greens of the cedars, the hemlocks, the pines; when the apples hang red and butternuts fall. True it is also the time of devilish sticky flies, a time when ragweed pollen gets in its work - a time when some of the best color is on the poisonous, lying, cruel ivy, that crawls on its belly like a rattlesnake and climbs a tree like a black snake. But, he adds, "not even pollen or ivy and snakes and flies can spoil the autumn. Let us rejoice and be glad in it for an hour or two - but only an hour or two - let us forget the war and the thick-headed people who dont like us and breathe deep and then go back renewed to smite hip and thigh and put the world right. We mustn't weaken, for it is a great life. The autumn shows how great."

Saturday, October 24, 1942 Fair

A lovely day for a lovely bride, Miss Eleanor Garfield, who was married to Yeoman Ferguson in Martha-Mary Chapel by the Rev. Leslie Barrett of Sudbury. A reception for two hundred at the Inn followed the ceremony. Both the Chapel and the Inn were simply but

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

beautifully decorated. The Chapel with just the green of late spreading ferns and pink and white chrysanthemums; the windows over the chancel framing a brilliant display of autumn leaves from the trees back of the Chapel. The fair young bride, golden haired and blue eyed, in a quaint square necked ruffled wedding gown, a contrast to the dark haired groom in the rough suit of a naval seaman. The Garfield wedding was so colorful and friendly that it brought together for the evening all our house guests - our very old friends, Mr and Mrs Turner, their daughton Alta and her friend Una Stackelback of Verona, N. Y., Mr and Mrs Robert King of New Canaan, Conn. Also Mrs Edna Judge, her daughter Betty of East Rockaway, L. I. and two college girls from Cambridge, June Threewit and Patricia Ross. They all chatted in the bar room for a while, meeting our regular Saturday visitors, Mr and Mrs Bowker. An interesting item in the general conversation was contributed by Mr Turner, in speaking of the enjoyment the dancing class of the night before had given his party. He told of having lived in Arizona as a young man where they drove 96 miles to attend a dahce. Sometimes they stopped for the night but other times drove back in the darkness. On more than one occasion they came upon mountain lions which added to the eerieness of their ride through the night. Later in the evening the young girls of the group gathered around the piano in the parlor and played and sang. Feeling that they had drifted into an old-fashioned mode of entertainment, and enjoying it to the full they wanted to carry it out completely so asked if we had popcorn and a popper. These were supplied and the girls took turns shaking the popper over the fire, eating the popcorn and finally agreeing that they had had a grand time.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Week of October 25, 1942

Sunday, October 25, 1942 Brilliant autumn sunshine

Quite a few guests today. Among them three British seamen, one from a town near Sudbury, England. They crossed on the Queen Mary.

And we are happy to have the pictures of our young house guest, Alta Turner. The long flaxen hair usually hangs below her waist in two braids. Alta has grown quite a bit since her first visit to the Inn, but she retains her sweetness of face and manner. She is growing so rapidly that these are perhaps the last little girl pictures we shall have of her.

Monday, October 26, 1942 Fair

Two quests making a very rapid tour of the Inn, Mr and Mrs Radcliffe Choate of Arnold, Nebraska. Very young; she very pretty. Going through the house hand in hand and she volunteering the information that they

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Week of October 25, 1942

have been married just fifteen days. When he signed the guest book she cautioned him to be sure and write it Mr and Mrs.

Tuesday, October 27, 1942 Fair

Miss Louise Reilley, a missionary nurse, here for luncheon. In signing the book Miss Reilley gave her address as Hankow, China, where she had spent several years, four of them under Japanese domination. She returned to the United States last August on the Gripsholm. After spending a few months in Pittsburg to brush up in her profession, she will go to Alaska. She hopes to return to China after the war.

Wednesday, October 28, 1942

A luncheon party of eight women - a group who have been friends for twenty years. Not a club, just a group who became acquainted as young married women living in the same neighborhood. As time went on and their circumstances changed they have moved to different localities, but they have kept up the old friendship and meet once or twice a year.

Thursday, October 29, 1942 Fair

Some of our very old friends for dinner; Mr and Mrs Kuehn, Dr and Mrs Roberts, Mr and Mrs Prior with Grace Davison of the Boston Post. Dr and Mrs Roberts were entertaining a Chinese boy, who has lived in Portland, Maine and who is about to enlist in the American Army. He remembers oil lamps in China like our Betty lamps. They burn peanut oil and use a wick like a stalk of wheat.

Friday, October 30, 1942 Tair

The Wayland Unit of the Womens Motor Corps, twenty-five in number, met here for dinner. Good Housekeeping recently pulished a writeup of General George Marshall's home. The writer mentions the General's framed mementos, one of which is the place

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Week of October 25, 1942

card used at dinner on the oceanic meeting of Roosevelt, Churchill, Admiral King and General George Marshall. The chosen stanza for that card was written nearly a hundred years ago by Longfellow on the coast of Maine beause "I prefer the seaside to the country, the idea of liberty is stronger there." Four lines as good today as then:

"Sail on O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!"

Saturday, October 31, 1942

Miss Joan Edwards, singing star of the Hit Parade, a dinner guest.

The snaps of the Millwood Hunt are a memento of one of their 1942 meetings at the Inn, but they do not give a fair picture. Teh background is the most brilliant autumn foliage against which horses and riders were clearly outlined.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Week of October 25, 1942

And on this day to see the Millwood Hunt meet Marcie Gross and Jane Chisholm driven down in their basket carriage, bidding defiance to gasoline. Both girls attend the Mary Lamb School. Marcie is the daughter of Dr Gross who lives in the Permain house and Jane Chisholmn's family occupy the ledge. The driver is Mr Orr, Mrs Gross' father.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Week of November 1 - 7, 1942

Sunday, November 1, 1942 — Morning - Rain
Afternoon - Sunny

I wonder if the old cradle in the Washington bedroom thrilled at being again brought into service. A young man approached the bar to order dinner for himself and his wife. He asked if his wife could be served in the car, as they had their baby with them, and he feared it might cry and disturb people in the dining room. The hostess felt it would be rather inhospitable to have a young mother eat her dinner outside so suggested that they try making the baby comfortable in the old cradle. The baby's pillows and blankets were brought in and the old joints of the cradle creaked to readjust themselves to this soft paraphanalia and then to the precious weight of the tiny bit of humanity. The table was placed near the old dining room fireplace. Its protective arms apparently soothed the baby as no one was disturbed. But many interested and admiring glances were cast at the young parents and their child; and too, at the old cradle, again doing the work for which it was designed; animated by the gentle stirrings and murmurings of the infant, the perfect pating of its footposts winking in the firelight.

Monday, November 2, 1942 — Fair

We know that the charm of the old Inn attracts many of our guests who like to get away from the cold practicality of every day living but then, too, we think the servant problem and not charm sends many others to our doors these days. And our thought is crystalized by an editorial in the Boston Herald which asks who is going to cook, make the beds, do the dishes, tend the furnaces, answer the telephone and perform all the duties of the household when the adult female members of the family are drafted for war work? The program will probably drain the ranks of domestic employees. Thousands of women in England, who have been strangers to household tasks, have been compelled to turn to and provide for themselves. A similar situation is developing here rapidly. The answer is that among the various effects will be more eating out, the shutting of rooms, a

less pretentious scale of ling, removal to smaller quarters and inevitably the performance of the never done work of the house by the masters and mistresses thereof. For a time at least we shall probably be compelled to return to the day when Adam delved and Eve span and who was then the gentleman?

Tuesday, November 3, 1942 Heavy Rain

Seventeen ladies lunching here today were of the Ladies Auxilliary of the Swedish Temperance Society of Worcester. This was their twenty-seventh anniversary and there were two charter members present. Mrs Erikson, the leader of the group, modestly said they dont accomplish anything very great but do what they can in a small way. They run bazaars, rummage sales, etc., and the small proceeds are used to supply fruit and flowers for sick people.

Wednesday, November 4, 1942 Fair and Cold

Mrs Stidger here for luncheon with several friends, one of whom was Mrs Oxnam, wife of Bishop Oxnam of the Methodist Church. So pleasing when a chance turning of the radio dial brought a program of Longfellow, to hear the words of "The Children's Hour", Then Longfellow's prose description of Devereaux Farm near Marblehead. "An old fashioned farm house, with low rooms and narrow windows rattling in the sea breeze," and then the poem "The Fire of Driftwood," inspired by this visit, the words of which are applicable to these times:

Oft died the words upon our lips
As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships
The flames would leap and then expire.

SAYSIDE INN DIARY
Week of November 1 - 7, 1942

And as their splender flashed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main
Of ships dismantled that were hailed
And sent no answer back again.

Thursday, November 5, 1942 Fair

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bowker here for luncheon with their four sons and a daughter-in-law. The celebration being for two sons, one in the army, the other in the navy, home on furlough. Calvin is married, Dudly in school, Bradley stationed at at Fort Bragg, N. C. and Gordon stationed at U. S. Naval Operating Base, Newport, R.I. This occasion called for a picture.

Friday, November 6, 1942 Cloudy

The children's dancing class, as usual, and a s usual with its especial appeal to guests. One woman enthusiastically commenting on it said the last time she had seen children dancing was outside of Stockholm, Sweden, just prior to the War.

In the evening the Boys School had their Hallowe'en Ball. As always the costumes were original and amusing. Our former hostess Mrs. Hoppin, (Muriel deMille) played the violin. Arnold Church, a former Wayside Inn School boy, now in seaman's costume attended. He has just finished his training at Newport and is awaiting transfer to active duty.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

WEEK of November 1 - 7 1942

Saturday, November 7, 1942 Fair

A group of six young people for dinner. Their host, Nathaniel J. Young, Jr. of Boston. He said his family love this place the best in the World. He came here when a child with his grandmother. She could sit in the old kitchen and tell the use of all the old household implements and show people how to spin and weave.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Week of November 8 - 14, 1942

Sunday, November 8, 1942 Cloudy

The old Inn sheltered two bridal couples last night, the young husbands both lieutenants and both from Brookline: Lieut. and Mrs C. Heffenreffer and Lieut. and Mrs. John E. Alman. Lieut. Heffenreffer is engaged in important research work so this young couple are taking no wedding trip other than their short stay at the Inn.

Mr and Mrs Lawrence Dame, who were recently married, arrived on bicycles this afternoon to spend a day or two. Mr Dame is our very old friend, the one time "Roving Reporter" of the Boston Herald. Mrs Dame had to be introduced to the Wayside Inn. She comes from St. Louis but is well acquainted with New England as she has summered at Nantucket.

Among our dinner guests were six U. S. Navy nurses in uniform, one of whom, Miss Leola Ruth Scheips, was formerly connected with the Ford Hospital. This group are now stationed at the Chelsea Naval Hospital and are ready to go at a moment's notice wherever they may be called.

Mrs Langdoen, Boston Chairman of Dutch War Relief, entertained five officers of the Dutch Merchant Marine at dinner.

With the usual Sunday sprinkling of United States Army and Navy uniforms, the six navy nurses in their trim blue suits and white caps, and the Dutch officers, our dining room presented quite a military picture.

Monday, Nov. 9, 1942 Fair

Today the papers inform us that Mr Charles W Bowker, Jr. has been elected president of the Massachusetts Real Estate Exchange. Mr and Mrs Bowker are our regular Saturday evening visitors who supply us with roses throughout the year.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Week of Nov. 8 - 14, 1942

Tuesday, Nov. 10, 1942 Cloudy - Rain

The Thanksgiving favors, this year being made by the hostesses, were started today. Ralph Sennott, Jr. doing his bit to help Miss Staples cut and fold the little pasteboard ox-carts.

Wednesday, Nov. 11, 1942 Clear - Warm

It is the custom of the Pawtucket Times to take their newsboys on an outing once a year. This year the Wayside Inn was again chosen. The boys arrived by bus at about eleven o'clock in the morning, had an hour and a half to see the house and roam about the grounds. There were twenty-four in the party. The weather was perfect; clear and cold, and after their long bus ride and an hour in the open air, they did justice to the dinner. A fine group of boys, and their interest in their work was shown by an incident of their tour through the Inn. The hostess called their attention to the pewter whale oil lamps and mentioned that the idea of the double wick for the increased light is credited to Benjamin Franklin. One of the boys spoke up saying, "Now, now, Benjamin Franklin was a printer."

Thursday, Nov. 12, 1942 Clear and Cold

A Mr Veale, who dined here this evening, said it is remarkable how the quality of the meals at Wayside Inn is kept up. He had not been here since 1929 when he had a fine meal. He hardly expected to have it repeated as that is a long time ago and cooks do leave but here the same standard seems to have been maintained. We told him cooks do come and go but our Emma Modjeska was here in 1929 and is still with us.

Friday, Nov. 13, 1942 Fair and Warm

This picture of the old stage coach was taken on October 12th just before it left the Inn on October 12th to drive to Sudbury for the fair. The Sudbury Fair is an annual event, a sort of old home day. A day that calls former residents back; children who have left and settled elsewhere return, coming from miles around for

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Week of Nov. 8 - 14, 1942

this get-together. The old stage coach is usually loaned for this affair. It meets people arriving by bus from Boston or Worcester and also provides the novelty of a coach ride around the fair grounds for those who care to ride. It drew up to the Inn in the morning when this picture was snapped and our house guest, Miss Elwell of Brookline, rode to and from the Fair in the coach. Needless to say this novel ride gave her unexpected enjoyment.

Mr Wheeler of Lexington entertained a party of eight at dinner in the old kitchen.

Saturday, Nov. 14, 1942 Very Cold

The seventh grade of the Maynard School arrived on bicycles. The temperature was low and the wind high so these boys and girls were glad to gather around the bar room fire after a nine mile bicycle ride. When they planned their trip they took it for granted that our unusually warm autumn weather would continue. However, they enjoyed their visit and despite the weather roamed around the grounds for several hours. They were an unusually attentive group and it was a pleasure to take them through the house.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Week of Nov. 15 - 21, 1942

Sunday, Nov. 15, 1942 — Pleasant

Miss Lynn Phillips, leading lady of "Angel Street", now playing in Boston, and her mother dined here today. Both these women as charming and attractive as any we have met. "Angel Street" is a melodrama of the Victorian Period in England. The gentleman who introduced Miss Phillips said "you can put four stars against her name." Miss Phillips said "It is so nice to come here - away from everything." To which the hostess replied, "we feel rather selfish being here away from everything and not contributing to the war effort." Miss Phillips came back with the statement "you are doing good war work by providing a place for people to get away in these times."

A group of nineteen had a supper party. It was a farewell party to Lieut. Marsland of Framingham who has finished his training and is being transferred to Newport News.

Monday, Nov. 16, 1942 — Fair

Mr Butterworth of Framingham planned a birthday dinner for his daughter Rachel. The group included Mr Butterworth's son and daughter-in-law, his two grand children, Nancy and Billy Butterworth. Nancy is five and is well known to us since she was an infant, but this was three-year-old Billy's first visit. Miss Rachel Butterworth who bears the brunt of the florist business for her father apparently enjoyed her party but I think Nancy and Billy enjoyed it the most.

Tuesday, Nov. 17, 1942 — Fair

Mr Bryant of Somerville, Mass. who was recently brought to the Inn by friends, enjoyed the place so much that he has repeated his visit, and will also be here for Thanksgiving. On his first visit he purchased two Mary Lamb books, one for himself and one which he sent to a Community School in Holland Patent, New York. Today he purchased two more and intends to mail them to the Chamber of Commerce in St Petersburg, Florida, asking them to give one to the white and one to the colored school children. Mr Bryant particularly enjoyed

/

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Week of Nov. 15 - 21, 1942

the book as his home is in the vicinity of the place occupied by Mary Sawyer in her early married life.

Wednesday, Nov. 18, 1942 — Rain - morning
Clear - afternoon

Such a dark rainy morning. Our house guests Mr and Mrs Nathaniel Young of Boston, and their son, Nat, jr. arriving last evening, ~~they~~ anticipated country walks this morning but agreed that the cheerful fire; after an old-fashioned breakfast made up for the disappointment of having to forego their anticipated country walks. This was the first time the Young family came to stay overnight, tho they have dined here frequently. Nat, Jr. has completed his army training and at the end of the week is to go to Camp Devens to await his assignment. It was Nat's idea to spend his few days' furlough with his parents so they chose the Inn as their retreat in this time of sadness. Mr Young is a sprightly little woman, and her attitude in this crisis an admirable one. She said we must say goodbye to Nat, not knowing where he may be sent, but we must do it with a smile. No word or look of these ideal parents and son betrayed their fears or emotions. They carried on as if they were just enjoying a week's vacation in normal times.

Rev. Samuel J. Riggs of West Harwichport, Mass. entertained at luncheon his nephen Benjamin George Riggs of the Canadian R. A. F.

Thursday, Nov. 19, 1942 — Cloudy

The register shows the signature Pilot Officer F. W. Greenaway, Lower Hobb, New Zealand, R.N.Z.A.F. Canada. Officer Greenaway told us he was in Canada for training.

Friday, Nov. 20, 1942 — Fair

Our old friends Mr and Mrs Edwin Stillman of Westerly, R. I. arrived to spend a few days with us.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Week of Nov. 15 - 21, 1942

Saturday, Nov. 21, 1942 Rain

A pleasant happy day. Our house guests, the Youngs and the Stillmans found each other congenial. There is a pre-holiday feeling in the air and the house guests are anxious to help with Thanksgiving preparations so join the hostesses in the making of the Thanksgiving favors.

Lieut. and Mrs W. F. Ryan entertained friends at a dinner in the old kitchen. Tho it was Lieut. Ryan's birthday the dinner was given in honor of a Colonel in the group. In ordering the cake Mrs Ryan said, "Mr Ryan is twenty-nine but that is too many candles, just put a few. So seven were chosen. When the cake was brought in the seven candles inspired a facetious remark from one of the ladies. She said, "Oh, you are seven years old! Well, that accounts for things." There was one lady in the group whose husband is among the missing. She holds her head high and has not given up hope although the army lists him as definitely among the missing.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Week of November 22, 1942

Sunday, November 22, 1942 Fair

Guests today!

Mrs Seerist from West Branch, Iowa, the birthplace of Herbert Hoover. She informed us that the place has been restored by Mrs Hoover and Alan Hoover.

Marie De Vito of Waltham, about twelve years of age. Marie entered the Inn with joyous anticipation glowing in her Italian brown eyes. She immediately told us she had learned about some of the things in the Wayside Inn in her study book, "Colonial Life." The group which she joined to go through the house was quite a large one. They came to see the house but I fear Marie received more attention than the house. Her little face lighted up when she recogonized the various things about which she had studied. Her questions and enthusiasm brought upon her the attention of the group. But she went through unaware of the interest and amused glances cast her way. In discussing the candlemolds and candle making the hostess remarked that sometimes a wick had to be dipped one hundred times before the candle was the required size. Marie volunteered the information that her class in school had made dipped candles but theirs were "skinny" ones as they dipped them only a few times. This remarked brought suppressed smiles tothe faces of our other listeners.

Monday, Nov. 23, 1942 Pleasant

Bishop Oxnam of the Methodist Church and Mrs Oxnam entertained seventy-eight Methodist Chaplains from the National Chaplain School at Harvard University. These men come from all sections of the United States. With Thanksgiving in the offing a turkey dinner was served in the large dining room and all made the tour of the house. Their interest and appreciation of the Inn and their visit was evidenced by their frantic buying of books before bus time.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Week of November 22, 1942

Tuesday, Nov. 24, 1942 Heavy Rain

The magazine Yankee for November publishes a picture of the Wayside Inn Kitchen by Samuel Chamberlain; and in the Contributors Department there is the following letter: Andes, New York

"Dear Editor of Yankee:

The first time I saw a copy of Yankee was in Henry Ford's Wayside Inn near Boston. I have since become a subscriber, thinking that Yankee Magazine and the Wayside Inn were both trying to keep alive the spirit and industry so close to the New England soil, and the life of the New England Village.

I belive you would have a better Yankee Magazine if you told us more about the "homespun" folks of New England, their handicraft and home industries, and simple enjoyments. Give us some New England philosophy, religion and sermons that have molded and produced the Godly men of the past. Leave out the War and defense. You just cant be modern and present the history, tradition, culture, thrift and individualism of New England."

M.M.H.

Wednesday, November 25, 1942 Fair

Mr Stuart of Youngstown, Ohio, an overnight guest for several days remarked as he paid his bill of twenty-seven dollars" That is not much. It's been worth fifty dollars to me." Mr Stuart is in a bank where the gray heads, as he expresses it, have to do the work now of the younger men because of the war. He came east to visit his daughter and grandson but had to find a place for one quiet week before going back. The Inn proved to be the much appreciated quiet place.

Thursday, Nov. 26, 1942 Cloudy-Rain

Not a sparkling Thanksgiving Day as to weather, but a dripping chilly day, which made the guests exclain about the comfort of the house as they arrived. The earlier guests, those who came to do a bit of country walking before dinner, and our house guests enjoyed the sight of the Millwood

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Week of November 22, 1942

Hunt, unleashing the dogs in front of the Inn and following the scent toward the Mary Lamb School where they took the jump. Quite a typical autumn scene. The Inn had its usual decorations of vegetables, fruit and flowers which received the usual exclamations of admiration. Many with last year in mind, expressed their disappointment that Mr and Mrs Ford were not here. More than four hundred guests were entertained, rather a surprising number considering the limitations on driving.

Friday, Nov. 27, 1942 Fair

John L. Cash (Jackie Cash), a Wayside Inn Boys School graduate of 1942, dropped in for a visit today. Jackie is now an apprentice Seaman in the United States Coast Guard and stationed at Goose Rock, Maine, between Kennebunk and Biddeford. Jackie's appearance in his dark blue uniform and cap would make any school proud of him.

Saturday, Nov. 28, 1942 Fair

The Boston Herald of last Sunday has an interesting sketch entitled "The Woman Who Made Thanksgiving Stick." The woman is Sarah Josepha Hale, Editor and Author of the last three verses of Mary Had a Little Lamb, who strove for many years to make Thanksgiving a national fete, finally gaining her end through Abraham Lincoln, Sarah Josepha Hale may be rightfully termed Mother of our National festival of Thanksgiving.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Week of November 29, 1942

Sunday, Nov. 29, 1942 Rain & Sleet

We found our house guests Mr and Mrs Tollinton very interesting. The Tollinton's are English having been in America only two years. Mrs Tollinton attended a Farm School in England where she learned to spin and weave and to make hammocks. Being here in America, while Britain is going through so much tragedy, she thought she would do something for British Relief & so decided to make string shopping bags using the hammock knot she had learned. The bags are made of red, white and blue string in one color or combined to make a red, white and blue bag. They proved to be a good seller. She has made about two hundred, which sold for a dollar and a half. The price has now been raised to two dollars and the demand is just as great. She can't keep up with her orders at present.

Other Sunday guests included house guests, Capt. and Mrs Chatrend of Canada, Capt. and Mrs Davidson from Whittier, California, anxious to know if the Inn had ever sheltered John Greenleaf Whittier.

Miss Leola Ruth Scheips, former Ford Hospital nurse and now United States Navy nurse, dined here today with a friend, Lieut. John Charles Gregory, Senior Grade Deck Officer.

Monday, Nov. 30, 1942 Pleasant

Mr Seyffer of the Somerville Plant brought for luncheon Mr Earl Godwin, Mr R. McAndrew and Mr Philip Joachim of "Watch the World Go By." We hear from friends that Mr Godwin included in this evenings broadcast a talk on the Wayside Inn.

Tuesday, Dec. 1, 1942 Pleasant

For dinner Lieut. Col. Edward Wood and Mrs Wood. The Lt. was carrying a large basket which contained their four month's old son, of whom the parents were very proud. And justly so for the younger Wood has a genial manner, passing out crooked smiles

impartially and when the company bored him just falling asleep without fuss or trouble.

Wednesday, Dec. 2, 1942 Wind, rain and snow flurries

We read that Miss Ella Bettle, Braillist, has just completed the transcription of "The Characters in Tales of a Wayside Inn", written by Dr John van Schaick, Jr. This manuscript has been seant on to the Library at Washington, and thus made available for the use of the blind.

Thursday, Dec. 3, 1942 Fair - Cold

When our guests of long standing Miss Marcia Hoyle and Mr Roscoe PRIOR, were married a year ago, they received a telegram to make suitable accomodations for Miss Betty Lou Dallas. They, of course, expected a charming wedding guest, but when Betty Lou arrived she proved to be a pig. The next day, the wedding day, another Huge crate arrived. Out of it stepped the Duke of Gloucester and six companions from the Wayside Inn Farm. A note accompanying them explained that the Duke of Gloucester, the Duchess of Saxonville, the Empress of Sudbury, the Princess of Lenox, the Countess of Brownsville, the Queen of Portsmouth and Lady Magnolia, had come to keep Miss Betty Lou Dallas, a mere commoner from Texas, company. The Priors, of course have a large farm in Framingham, Chestnut Ridge, with a two thousand tree apple orchard. When the Priors returned to their farm this spring after a winter's absence, they found that the Duke of Gloucester was the father of some eighty pigs. When the caretaker asked them if he would sell the pigs, for which in these times there is a great demand, Mrs Prior said, "Yes, sell all but the original wedding presents. The Duke and his companions and Betty Lou will remain. I guess we shall stay in the pig business." To celebrate the wedding anniversary the pigs devoured several barrels of only slightly touched apples which were weeded out of their bountiful crop. Mrs Prior is a well known portrait painter. She also has a pilot's license and claims to be the only woman in the United States licensed to pilot boats into harbor.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Week of November 29, 1942

Friday, Dec. 4, 1942 Fair - Cold

We had a school group today. Rather an unusual happening since the gas rationing and curtailment of buses. This group, however, came from Sudbury Centre School with their teacher, Miss Irene Hinckley. There were thirty children from the fifth grade.

The usual Friday evening dancing class was held. The older boys somewhat subdued as they expressed their sympathy for their former school companion, Edmund M. Tompkins a member of the Navy, whose brother has been listed as killed in action at Guadelcanal.

Saturday, Dec. 5, 1942

We were rather surprised to see a breezy group of women from California return again today. They had been here yesterday, lunched and went through the house. They informed us that they had enjoyed it so much they returned today bringing their husbands.

Mrs Bowker of Worcester always rises to the occasion. Having heard us remark that we had difficulty in learning the various Army and Navy insignia, she presented us with a folder gotten out by the American Express Company , giving this information in more detail, and more authentically colored than anything of this type previously brought to our notice.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, December 6, 1942 Pleasant

The first to register today was an Ensign from St. Louis, Missouri. Next came a Captain from Camp Shelby, Mississippi. Then another Captain from Rome, Georgia. He was followed by an Ensign from Mt. Iron, Minnesota.. One young man registered from Manchester, England.

Monday, December 7, 1942 Cloudy

Mrs. Welthy Honsinger Fisher returned today to continue her writing. She is doing a biography of her husband the late Bishop Frederick Fisher. He was a Methodist Bishop who spent a great deal of time in China and India. He was the author of twelve or fifteen books while Mrs. Fisher has four or five to her credit. "We had a beautiful married life," said Mrs. Fisher, "and were great companions". Bishop Fisher was later in Ann Arbor, Michigan and Detroit. Mrs. Fisher is consulting with another writer, a Mrs. Fletcher, who lives in Sudbury. She is thinking of naming her book, "Knee deep in India."

Tuesday, December 8, 1942 Partly Cloudy

Mr. J.N.Coffinberry, a business man from Larchmont, N.Y., again made the Inn a stopping place for overnight. He seems to enjoy the non-commercial atmosphere.

Wednesday, December 9, 1942 Cold

We were pleased to welcome a distinguished summer visitor as he returned today to take more pictures. He is Burton Holmes, world famous lecturer and traveller, who expects to include the Inn when giving his "New England" program at Symphony Hall, Boston, some time in January. This is Mr. Holmes' 50th year of lecturing and travelling. "A Golden Jubilee year", he said, apparently as pleased as a chil having a birthday party. Mr. Holmes was bright and chipper today and enthusiastic about pictures of the Mary Lamb School. He is staying over night and will circle around Concord and Lexington before leaving this vicinity.

Thursday, December 10, 1942 Pleasant

Five ladies from Winchester, Mass. were luncheon guests. Others were Ensign and Mrs. H.L. Morse from Pensecola, Florida.

Friday, December 11, 1942 Pleasant

The hostesses have designed and planned the Christmas favors which they felt this year should be as simple as possible. Therefore, they are covering the tops of small boxes with appropriate Christmas paper and tying them with red ribbon. Under the ribbon will be tucked a piece of evergreen from the Inn farm. The finished effect will be an old fashioned Christmas gift box; and filled with candy.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Saturday, December 12, 1942 Pleasant

Old and dear friends are Dr. and Mrs. E.E.Kattwinkle from West Newton who visited the Inn this afternoon. Dr. Kattwinkle is remembered as the bashful young man who used to come with his parents every Sunday for dinner. Since then he has graduated from Medical School and is a well established doctor. His wife is a modest, lovely looking person. They are the proud parents of two little girls.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Week of December 13, 1942

held up in Marlboro three hours waiting their turn for garage help and did not arrive home until four thirty Sunday morning. The temperature was then eighteen below zero.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Week of Dec. 13, 1942

Sunday, December 13, 1942 Snow

Our first snowfall of the season today and a real one. Beginning about ten this morning it has been busily "heaping field and highway with a silence deep and white," and now down the hill from Wayside Inn Road come four skiers. They are our friends, Mr and Mrs Breen, with two companions. The Breens, a young couple, purchased one of the old houses on the Framingham Line and thought as Mrs Breen says, that they were settled for seventy years. But unexpected change of occupation for the husband has compelled them to put their house on the market. A discouraging outlook at present as the gas uncertainty has temporarily squelched the enthusiasm for country living. After their ski trip the Breen party sat down to dinner with good old-fashioned appetites.

Ensign Showley, San Diego, Cal., formerly a teacher of Spanish, enjoyed the tour through the house so much that he said he was thinking of all the California teachers who would like to have the privilege he had today, and wishing that they might have this raare experience. He was a teacher of Spanish before entering the service.

Monday, December 14, 1942 Fair - Cold

Two Methodist Chaplains from Harvard Chaplain School in talking of their work were asked if they knew of Bishop Fisher, (Bishop Fisher's widow has been a house guest recently.) They feelingly responded "Yes, indeed! He is the man of whom Ghandi said "He is among the few Christians who walked in the fear of the Lord and therefore feared no man."

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Tuesday, December 15, 1942 Clear - Cold

A birthday party of five ladies their table drawn as closely as possible to the fireplace, and when the surprise birthday cake was brought in, tears from the recipient as it was so many years since she had had a birthday cake. All this was taken in and very much enjoyed by another party in the dining room, a young couple from Lincoln, Mass. entertaining the wife's father from Texas. A real Texan with a real Texan drawl. After dinner this gentleman from Texas could not be dragged away. He repeatedly visited the rooms and endeavored in his plain, homely way to make us understand what he felt. He said it was reliving the idealistic part of his school life; it meant Longfellow and Emerson, Bryant and Whittier, and before their days back to the earliest times there must have been gatherings of Patriots in the old Taproom. As he was giving vent to his feelings the siren sounded for the statewide blackout. The party of three sat on the settle in the darkened bar room recalling snatches from Longfellow's Tales of a Wayside Inn. When the all clear sounded the old gentleman before bidding us good bye solemly said "This has been an experience in my life. As I sat here in the dark, a darkness forced upon us by an enemy, I thought, here am I sheltered in this blackout by the Wayside Inn. I shall never forget it. And as long as we as a nation reverence the things for which the Inn stands, we shall be sheltered in all blackouts."

Wednesday, December 16, 1942 Fair and Cold

Dr and Mrs Hanson dropped in for luncheon. A long time since we had seen these good friends. The weather was extremely cold and after luncheon the doctor drew his chair up to the fire; said his time was his own until four o'clock and he was going to enjoy it to the last possible moment, as his times of relaxation away from the telephone are all too few. He chatted away for about an hour and around three o'clock Mrs Hanson grew fidgety about his four o'clock appointment. One would have to know the doctor to appreciate his obstinacy in retaining his comfortable place and placidly smiling at his wife's uneasiness. He kept his word, he stayed until the last possible moment; and I am sure he promptly kept his appointment too.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Week of December 13, 1942

Thursday, December 17, 1942 Fair and Cold

We have two new books for our library. "Paul Revere and the World He Lived In"by Esther Forbes and "Early American Woodenware" by Mary Earle Gould. Each of these authors visited the Inn shortly before the publication of their books. Esther Forbes " Paul Revere is a good reference book, a book fascinating in its attention to detail, where you meet Paul Revere the man in his every day life. We are learning more about his printing and engraving and about his prints.

Mary Earle Gould was formerly a music teacher and her hobby of collecting woodenware just a chance happening. Antiquing up country with a collector friend she purchased an old cheese box just as a container for her rag rug pieces, but from that purchase her interest in old wooden boxes grew and then expanded to all the woodenware of early New England housekeeping; finally the urge to put the knowledge thus gleaned on paper resulted in some newspaper articles from which beginning her book took form.

Friday, December 18, 1942 Clear - Cold

Miss Joan Dieffenbach of Norwood, N. J. arrived today for a ten day stay. She will be joined later by her sister Anne. This will make the sixth consecutive Christmas Holiday time the Dieffenbachs have been with us.

Saturday, December 19, 1942 Extremely Cold

Despite the extreme cold our friends the Bowkers arrived for their weekly Saturday evening dinner. Not realizing that the temperature was rapidly dropping they made their usual visit in the bar room leaving about eleven o'clock. The hostess said good night, put out lights and retired. About a half hour later she heard voices and realized that Mrs Bowker was again in the house. Mr Bowker had difficulty in starting his car and did not get it going until twelve-thirty. They were asked to spend the night but anxiety about their home in the dropping temperature sped them on their way. They were, however,

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Week of December 20-26, 1942

In the evening after dinner Dr and Mrs Stevenson and their guests Rev and Mrs Karl Gottschling of Foxboro wandered into the parlor. At intervals before dinner music had been heard coming from each ballroom in turn as the young minister tried out the two pianos there. Now he seemed reluctant to tough the spinet but after a little urging played delicate and appropriate things. Then it developed that Dr Stevenson made violins so when the Ole Bull violin was brought out and he was finally induced to touch it and even to play there was quite a songfest. The quality of the music was good as the Rev. Gottschling had been a member of the Harvard Glee Club, his wife was a professional singer and other good voices could be heard among other guests who had been lured around the piano by the sound of the old familiar songs. Dr Stevenson seemed especially thrilled as he said good night to have spent an evening so in keeping with the spirit of the old Inn.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Week of December 20 - 26, 1942

Sunday, Dec. 20, 1942 Clear, extremely cold

Seventeen men and women arrived by Boston Bus for dinner. This group are from California, temporarily in this section of the country as the men are engaged in Defense work. And coming from California, their clothing was a bit light for the extremely cold weather - 18 below zero. They shivered awhile before the fireplaces but after a hot turkey dinner they were ready and eager to see the house. They were enthusiastic in their praise of everything - the historic house, the turkey dinner which they considered typically New England - the bit of New England countryside - their bus journey from Boston, and finally their purchase of many cards and books as souvenirs of one of their New England experiences.

Monday, Dec. 21, 1942 Clear, continued cold

This was the day of the yearly Christmas party which always takes place in the large ballroom. A Christmas party for the school children of the estate, children of the townspeople and children of employees.

It has been a busy day. The below zero temperature had to be fought and chased out of the Inn, the stiffest battle taking place in the large ball room, where house people and boys from the school worked all day cleaning, setting up the tree, decorating and coaxing the heat. By seven-thirty, however, with the fireplace blazing, the huge tree lighted and parents and children filing in, in groups, there was enough enough warmth and cheer to forget about the cold. Though there were many regrets that Santa and his reindeer were not on the roof, the party of ice cream and cake and a Christmas stocking and toy from the tree for each child sent them happily on their homeward way with sparkling eyes and cheery faces.

Tuesday, Dec. 22, 1942 Cloudy and Warmer

Miss Inez E Kenyon came from Boston to have dinner with Miss Joan Dieffenbach, our house guest.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Week of December 20-26, 1942

She planned on spending the evening and taking the nine forty-five bus back to Boston. A rising temperature combined with a night of rain had melted the snow turning the roads into rivulets. Then gradual freezing toward evening made walks and roads a glaze of ice. We called the Boston and Worcester Terminal about 9:30 to inquire about buses for Boston and were informed that no buses had come into Marlboro from Worcester since seven-thirty P.M. so Miss Kenyon, though anxious to get to her place of business in the morning was compelled to be our guest for the night. Miss Dieffenbach was glad to have her company for a longer visit and glad that Inez was to partake of a Wayside Inn breakfast.

Wednesday, Dec. 23, 1942 Pleasant

Everyone busy with Christmas preparations. This year, of course, the decorations are simpler - no candles in the windows, no outside lights, just a large wreath on the front door. Miss Joan Dieffenbach feels quite at home assisting with the Christmas favors as she has done for the past few years.

Thursday, Dec. 24, 1942 Cloudy-springlike

The day before Christmas, as always a quiet day at the Inn. Miss Anne Dieffenbach arrived to join her sister for their sixth Christmas at Wayside. Also to spend the night and Christmas day came Mr and Mrs A W Hathaway of West Medford. They are a pleasant middle aged couple who could not bear the thought of spending Christmas at home along. Their sonis married and living in the west and neither Mr or Mrs Hathaway has another living relative. They easily made friends with the Dieffenbachs and spent the evening with them in the parlor singing Christmas Carols. We were waiting for the carolers from Sudbury who usually visit the Inn on Christmas Eve but they were kind enough to notify us by telephone that transportation conditions prevented their visit this year. Good nights were said at midnight and our guests agreed that they all had had a happy night before Christmas.

Friday, Dec. 25, 1942 Fair

A beautiful day. Warm and sunshiny and in Sudbury a real white Christmas. Quite a few

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Week of December 20-26, 1942

guests for this war year but not the usual ringing Christmas greetings - a certain unspoken something was evident in the subdued greetings. So many uniformed men being entertained. It appeared that people were doing for the service men on this side of the water what they would like to do for their comrades in arms in distant lands.

And we feel that we did a bit for a young soldier from Georgia and his wife. They had come for dinner bringing with them their five months old son. The young couple did not quite know what to do with the baby while they dined so the old cradle was again brought into action and placed before the parlor fireplace to hold master Withers. He made a pretty picture in a new blue Christmas sweater, surrounded by soft pink blankets. He smiled at every one; chewed his chubby fists and a bit of his blue sweater when he could get hold of it. People coming in for dinner who happened to step into the parlor were greeted with waving fists and a big smile. After a time master Withers grew bored; his eyes slowly closed and he had a long sleep. He continued to give pleasure to those who came into the house and stepped into the old-fashioned parlor, saw the old, old cradle drawn up to the fireplace, holding a new, new baby. And all this time Mr and Mrs Withers were peacefully enjoying an old-fashioned Christmas dinner.

Saturday, Dec. 26, 1942 Pleasant

A pleasant day and pleasant company, Mr Benjamin Lovett dropped in for luncheon and afterwards had a chat with our Mr Haynes in the bar room, Bishop and Mrs Oxnam too, for luncheon, and our very old friends Mrs Boucher and her daughter, Beatrice. The Bouchers who live in New Bedford, were weekly visitors when Beatrice was in St Ann's School in Marlboro but since her graduation we dont see them so often and of course tramsportation restrictions too have prevented them from visiting.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Week of December 27, 1942

Mr and Mrs Nathaniel Young's card informs us that their son, Nat, Jr. is now at Camp Crowder in Mo. Their last week with their son as a civilian was spent at the Inn. That was just before Thanksgiving and they did not forget to put in a note for one of our school boys from whom they purchased a turkey, saying it was quite the best they ever had.

A card from Stephen Gooch - who never forgets his Wayside friends.

Mr Stuart of Youngstown, Ohio who credits a week at the Inn for putting him in condition to resume his tasks as one of the bank officials upon whom fall many details formerly done by young men now in the service, sends us greetings and informs us that he is to send us copies of some of the pictures he took while at the Inn, in appreciation of many courtesies shown him.

Perhaps the most significant card comes from Dean McCollester of Tufts College, one of the Fraters. It has been the Dean's custom for some years to make his Christmas card a sort of family history, made up of snap shots and notes in his handwriting of various happenings of the past year. It is captioned "Annual Report". One of the things mentioned in the current card under the heading "my year" is of last April being in his old pupit in Detroit and attending a golden wedding of friends whom he had married. Under the heading "My Faith he quotes, "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, Rough hew them how e will" and "one God, one law, One element, One far off divine event To While the Whole creation moves."

The following gives Dr McCollester's hopes for the future. "In 1776 the leaders on these shores gave the Declaration of Indepdence" A long time - years went by before all the thirteen little colonies signed a common constitution, think well of the time factor. One of the most significant steps of modern civilization occurred in 1942 when four powerful nations, widely separated, self contained, differing in language, religion and government became waring allies for self preservation and the welfare of all nations. Is it too much to hope that in time, a long time perhaps, there shall evolve enough moral, social, spiritual and paternal leadership of both men and women to make a federation of all nations, with a constitution that all will accept and with an equipment adequate to outlaw all war and maintain a condition of peace that will make secure to all, even the

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Week of December 27 -1942

Sunday, Dec. 27, 1942 Clear - Cold

Perhaps at no time in its history did the Inn fulfil its purpose as a shelter for the weary traveller as it did on this extremely cold Sunday morning. Our driver gave a lift to two young seamen on the Boston Post Road just out of Marlboro. They were hitch hiking from Worcester to Boston and when informed that they could be given a lift for just a few miles, they replied that it was good to get in out of the cold even for a few minutes. And they were cold. One so cold his feet were like stumps and he walked with difficulty. One was from Binghampton, N. Y. and one from the Bronx so their first remark was "What a burg to be stranded in" - then apparently feeling that this remark might give offense, added "But it must be nice in the summer time." No offense was taken as we hardly expected New York boys to appreciate the beauty of Sudbury ona zero morning with a high wind. When asked if they knew of the Wayside Inn or of Longfellow's connection with it they replied that they had never heard of it. The information that Mr Henry Ford is now the Landlord brought a quick response - "Oh! is this one of Mr Ford's projects? He is a great man. And now they were all interest. The schools and the mill were pointed out to them. The first mill they had ever seen, and the fact that it was actually in operation intriqued them all the more. When they reached the inn they were asked if they would not come in for a cup of coffee and they accepted. without hesitation. They exclaimed without hesitation. They exclaimed at the sight of the open fire in the bar room. In fact they could hardly believe their eyes. It was too good to come up on an open fire after hours of walking in the cold. They were reluxtant to leave it when they were invited to the dining room. But in the dining room they found a small table pulled right up to the blazing fireplace and this called for more exclamations of delight. They were served hot cereal, hot corn bread and steaming coffee. They were the only guests in the dining room so sat a long time over their breakfast enjoying the warmth and comfort they had just happened upon. After breakfast they wrote post cards looked through the house and then decided they would look about outside. They particularly wanted to explore

the mill. After a couple of hours they came in to say goodbye. They were not however allowed to leave without their dinner but this time some persuasion had to be employed. They did justice to a turkey dinner and they were sincerely grateful. They signed the register:

John Segru, Binghampton, N. Y. and Paul J. Zelenski, Bronx, N. Y. They are stationed at the South Weymouth Naval Base, Weymouth, Mass.

Monday, December 28, 1942 Stormy

To see the house on a recent afternoon we had two Puerto Rican girls, Consuelo Manez and Teresa Rivera, who are taking a medical course at Harvard. Two Canadian Naval nurses with the letters H. M. C. S. on their caps (His Majesty's Canadian Ship); two Royal Air Force men J. C. Morgan, Preston, Lancashire, England and J. McFarlane Graham, Kilmarnook, Scotland. One of these R. A. F. men studied the signatures on the Calvin Coolidge bucket and when he recognized the signature of the Duke of Windsor, excitedly called to his friend "I say! Here is Eddie! Eddie!

Tuesday, December 29, 1942 Ice - stormy

We have had an ice storm today, the greatest since 1921. While we realize the damage these storms can do to trees and shrubbery, still they are beautiful to look upon. The evening is cold and still and crackely, and every branch and twig gleaming with crystal. For dinner and overnight we have two interesting guests, Mr and Mrs Stewart S. Perry of Winthrop, Mass. The whole visit is a surprise to Mrs Perry. Mr Perry planned it as a celebration of their fifteenth wedding anniversary. He called about two weeks ago to make arrangements for dinner and a room. He cautioned us not to mention overnight to Mrs Perry when she arrived as he planned on bringing her for dinner and then when she had the thought of facing the long journey home to tell her they had a cozy room for the night. It worked out just

as he had planned. He packed a bag for her and slipped it into the car; arranged with her mother to stay with her children for the night and then started out by the way to go just somewhere for dinner. They were in Sudbury before Mrs Perry realized the Wayside Inn was their destination. Mr and Mrs Perry came in evening dress. They had the dining room to themselves and after dinner took a walk as the evening was so clear and brilliant after the ice storm. Mrs Perry was making preparations to leave when Mr Perry told her they were to spend the night. She was agreeably surprised and thought the Jerusha room perfect in its quaintness. She said with tears in her eyes - It is all so perfect. Everything seems to have been arranged just for us. Our fifteenth wedding anniversary - our crystal wedding and the trees are crystal too.

Wednesday, Dec. 30, 1942 Stormy

Guests come and guests go and time obliterates from our memory names, faces and incidents. But at Christmas time so many names, faces and incidents are brought back to us as the greeting cards come in. We are reminded of two slender young girls from Chicago, Edna Hoffman and Stella Penning, who enjoyed a rural weekend at Wayside last summer. Stells's greeting card a folder with a picture of the Wayside Inn and a sketch of its history.

Greetings from Philip Merriman of Tauck Tours takes us back to those halcyon days when there was gasoline and tourists from all over the country were brought to the Inn.

Mr and Mrs Michael Farr's card brings back the sweet face of one of our waitresses, Tillie, who married Michael Farr a graduate of the Wayside Boys School.

No doubt the most poignant memories are awakened by the many cards from our school boys in the service and to whom the inn is home. Their cards come from many of the states, Rhode Island, Georgia, Maine, Texas, California, Kansas, New York and from Ireland and England. It seems strange to read of Peter Kozak lost in a London fog.